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FRESH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM CURRENT LIFE.

BY REV. LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

Author of "Fresh Bait for Fishers of Men" "Anecdotes and Morals" etc.

THE BEST GOLD.

244

I Pet. 1: 7; Job 28: 10; Matt. 6: 21.

The biggest nugget of gold ever received at the assay office in Wall street, according to Superintendent Mason, arrived recently from a mining company in British Columbia. It was consigned to the New York agents of the Bank of Montreal. The nugget contained a fraction over 753 pounds of the solid yellow metal and is valued at \$154,000. It came in a solid cone and stood about two feet high. The cone was wrapped in canvas and fitted with an oblong box made of two-inch planks and heavily bound with iron. The gold was held firmly in the box by two wooden wedges driven in from the top. Two heavy iron rings were set in the sides of the rough box and through these were fitted wooden bars, by which the box was lifted. It required four men to remove it from the truck in the assay office to the scales. I suppose many people think they would be perfectly happy if they were the possessors of a nugget of gold as big as that, and yet any man or woman who has a true character, steadfast and wholesome, true to God and man, is the possessor of gold of infinitely more value. That gold nugget is only valuable in this world, and even here will not buy the best things, but the true gold of a noble character will pass in all worlds.

HOW A FORTUNE WAS LOST.

245

I Tim. 6: 9; James 4: 8.

The correspondent of a Boston journal describes an incident of business life that is full of significance. It relates to the engagement of a boy in a large department store. He was employed, as was customary in the house with new beginners, in the lowest capacity. But the two partners at the head of the house began life in just that position, and they being both childless, were looking out for the right kind of boy whom they could train to reach the highest office and eventually to become a partner. This boy was exceedingly bright, active and industrious. Both partners liked his appearance and habits and agreed between themselves to watch him closely. If he proved to be the right kind of boy his promotion was to be rapid. The head of the department was instructed to watch him also and report. He did so from time to time and his report was always favorable. After a few weeks the partners consulted and agreed to give the boy six months' trial, and if at the end of that time he had still a good record his promotion would begin. Of course, no intimation of his good fortune was given to the boy, and the scrutiny was continued. The last week of the six months' probation arrived, when one morning the superintendent saw the boy slip something slyly into his pocket. He insisted on knowing what it was, and ultimately the boy confessed that he had stolen a quarter of a dollar. He was of course dismissed, and never learned how near he had been to the highway of fortune. He had sold the splendid position he might have attained, for a quarter of a dollar. We say how foolish, but the time will yet come when many who would never have committed so foolish an act will realize that they have sold an eternal possession for as beggarly a pittance. There is only one way of safety in this world, and that is rugged honesty. Any sham of any sort will in the end be detected. Only the real character that is true and pure will finally endure. The devil who promises success in any false way is a liar, and whoever is deceived by him, will come to disaster.

FROM EARTH'S POVERTY TO HEAVEN'S GLORY.

246

Luke 16: 22; Deut. 15: 4; Luke 6: 20.

Caroline Bowles Souther has a beautiful poem entitled, "The Pauper's Death Bed," which reminds us of that marvellous story told by the Christ of the death of Lazarus and the coming of the angels to carry him home to Heaven. She sings:

Tread softly; bow the head—
In reverent silence bow!
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow!
There's one in that poor shed—
One by that paltry bed—
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state!
Enter! No crowds attend—
Enter! No guards defend
This palace gate.

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

SAVE THE BOYS.

247

Eccl. 11: 9; I Tim. 5: 1.

The land is full of heroic boys worth saving. Every day tells some story of a heroic boy. Merritt Lindsey, an Ohio country boy, saw a torn-up rail on the Pennsylvania Railroad, and flagged the next train with a red handkerchief. He is to have a place in the company's employ. A boy at Pittston Junction ran a greater personal risk to save a Lehigh Valley train from accident. He found a big oaken mine "sprag" in a "frog," and had no red handkerchief. The train passed by just after he had knocked the obstruction out, and both he and the train had a narrow escape. The preacher who does not capture every boy within his reach, and with his youthful admiration and love for the heroic Christ, is making a very sad and serious blunder.

THE WELCOME HOME.

248

Luke 15: 17; Eph. 2: 1; II Tim. 2: 19.

A singular case of suspended consciousness is reported from Marion, Ind. Two months ago, a business man in Geneva, N. Y., suddenly disappeared from his store and home. For some months previous he had shown signs of worry. Some transactions in which he had been engaged had not resulted to his satisfaction and he brooded until he imagined himself on the verge of ruin. One morning he went to business as usual, but later in the day he was missing and no trace could be found of him. For two months search was made for him in vain, and his family came to the conclusion that he had committed suicide. But a few days ago one of his brothers received a visit from a haggard, bearded man, with his clothes in tatters, who had just arrived at Buffalo, N. Y., and instantly recognized him as the missing man. The returned wanderer said that he remembered going to the store on that February morning, but recollects nothing more until, sitting on a stoop, with his head in his hands, he realized that he was in a strange place. He asked a man who was passing what town he was in, and was informed that he was in Marion, Indiana. How he reached a place so far from his home he had no idea. He was dazed, but gradually his mind cleared up and his accustomed intelligence returned to him. His pockets were empty, and he had a hard time getting home, but at last reached Buffalo, and went to the house of his brother. He received a joyful welcome, as of one recovered from the dead. This story recalls that striking phrase in Christ's story of the "Prodigal Son," "When he came to himself." Sin robs men of their true power of judgment, and they go on without realizing their great folly, until some revelation of the Holy Spirit brings them to see their condition.

INCREASING BY GIVING.

249

Rom. 6: 23; II Cor. 9: 2; Heb. 6: 10.

The story of how a man made money by spending it, comes from Lincoln, Neb. He is under arrest in that city for a curious offence, which he contends is no crime. The man has an agent in Mexico who has been shipping to him 400 Mexican dollars monthly. These

coins look much like the American dollar, and the*fact that they are worth only half the American dollar is unknown to many. His plan was to make a ten-cent purchase, pay for it with the Mexican dollar and receive ninety cents change, giving him a net profit of forty cents. The more he spent the more he made, and he has been making a fine income. Unhappily, other people had to lose the money, which proves that his practice was fraudulent. There is, however, a divine alchemy by which what a man gives to help his fellow men, and to bless the poor, is multiplied, and the man has more than what he gave. Solomon said, "There is that that scattereth and yet increaseth."

DODGING THE ISSUE.

250

I Cor. 13: 12; James 1: 23; I Pet. 1: 7; I Cor. 10: 13.

It never pays to dodge the issue, for in the long run we always have to meet it. A bill is never paid by hiding it away. An obligation is never satisfied by forgetting it. Sin is never forgiven by refusing to think of it. Professor Peabody, of Harvard, speaking to the students, brings this truth out very clearly: Most of the trouble and most of the tragedy of human life come from trying to dodge the facts of life; and most of the peace which is possible to any soul comes from habitually looking experiences squarely in the face. Sometimes you see this in the moral life. A man goes on trying to believe that wrong is right and evil good, and that somehow he is not going to reap just what he sows, and then some day the angel of his duty stands before him and he hides his face from the vision. Then begins that man's real tragedy. He does not want to face the angel because it is a stern and serious presence; and in that refusal to look facts in the face lies his whole future of regret and reproach and shame. Sometimes this same thing happens in one's experience of trouble. A man or a woman goes on trying to play that life is all soft and sunny and gay, and one day the angel of trouble enters into the midst of the frivolity and thoughtlessness, and the poor limp soul does not want to face it. "Alas! alas!" it cries, "for I have seen the angel of trouble face to face." Half the sorrow and the despair of such experiences comes from this turning away from the visitation of trouble, and the blank and terrible hostility with which the angel of darkness is so often met.

GOD'S WAY IS BEST.

251

Ps. 32: 8; Matt. 7: 13; John 10: 1; I Cor. 12: 31.

Annie F. Burnham has a sweet poem, full of insight into God's providence, entitled, "His Way."

God lets us go our way alone,
Till we are homesick and distressed
And humbly, then, come back to own
His way is best

He lets us thirst by Horeb's rock,
And hunger in the wilderness;
Yet, at our feeblest, faintest knock,
He waits to bless.

He lets us faint in far-off lands,
And feed on husks, and feel the smart,
Till we come home with empty hands,
And swelling heart.

But then for us the robe and ring,
The Father's welcome and the feast,
While over us the angels sing,—
Though last and least.

WAR'S CRUEL TRAGEDIES.

252

Acts 7: 60; Ps. 136: 4; Rom. 2: 12.

The cruel and the horrible side of war is often illustrated to us in these recent days. A South African contributor to the Christian Endeavor World tells a sad story of a noble young Boer, named Philip Cronje, a prisoner at Green Point, who met his death one night while leading a prayer-meeting among his fellow captives. Around their quarters was a wire fence called the "dead line," and the sentries had orders to shoot any prisoner who touched this wire after being warned. One night, when young Cronje led the meeting, the subject was "Our Enemies," and they were praying for them. As he held the hymn-book in his hand and gave out the hymn, "When I survey the wondrous cross," he stepped back to get a better light, and came close to the wire without noticing it. The sentry called out, but those who were singing heartily did not hear him. Suddenly the praying band were startled by the report of a gun, and the young leader, whom they loved, fell down in their midst with his hymn-book still clasped in his hand. He died in the night, after telling the doctor that he did not hear the sentry.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

253

Matt. 5: 13.

The whole nation was saddened and surprised recently by the news of the sudden collapse of the wife of the President in San Francisco, and the grave fears uttered that she was lying at death's door. Her sudden recovery was even more surprising. It was due to the quick injections of salt into her veins. Nearly a quart of hot salt water—prepared by stirring one heaping teaspoonful of common, ordinary salt into exactly a quart of hot water—was allowed to flow directly into a vein into the arm of the President's wife. This

hot salt water stimulated, warmed and rendered fluid the almost congealed blood in the veins of Mrs. McKinley, energizing the blood corpuscles and, by its action upon the heart muscles, excited that organ to return actively to its full duty. This supply of hot salt water which Mrs. McKinley received into her veins brought her out of the very jaws of death. What a striking illustration this is of the strength of that illustration used by Christ, when he said to his disciples, "Ye are the salt of the earth." The true Christian is to be so vitally and aggressively Christian, that he will stir up the sluggish blood of the world, and save it from stagnation and death.

THE "SLAP DAYS" OF LIFE.

254

Lam. 3: 26; Luke 12: 36; Rom. 8: 23.

Every year at Yale College they have what they call a "Slap Day." It is a very important occasion. All of the two thousand students gather on the campus, and await the verdict of the out-going seniors as to who shall receive the coveted honor of election to the famous college societies. The windows of dormitories are crowded with spectators. As each name is determined, a senior comes out into the crowd, and striking the lucky individual a terrific slap on the back, says, "Go to your room." And the happy and honored man immediately retires to his room. In real life, no man can tell when his "slap day" will come. But it comes to many men, and they let it pass unheeded. Opportunities are of no value, unless entered upon profitably and with decision.

THE MANGLED CHILDREN.

255

II Chron. 33: 6; Luke 19: 44; Ezek. 20: 18.

Not long ago three children wandered away from home in the mountains of West Virginia, and were overtaken by a huge black bear in the forest. The cruel beast crushed the children in its ruthless grasp, and mangled them with its claws. One can hardly imagine the horror of the parents, when, after a long search, they found the bodies of their dear ones so ruthlessly torn and marred. And yet, the sorrow in such a case cannot be so terrible as where the liquor saloon has laid its cruel clutches on the youth of the home, and mangled and destroyed not only the physical strength and beauty, but has degraded the mind, and debauched and demoralized the soul as well. The bear we hunt to the death, but the saloon-keeper we license and protect to continue his destructive career.

HUMANITY'S "MIDNIGHT SUN."

256

I Jno. 1: 5; Dan. 2: 22; II Pet. 1: 19; Prov. 4: 18.

The illumination which comes to the soul of man through the assurance of immortality in Jesus Christ, was never more beautifully described by any poet than recently by Siri E. Swanander. He says:

"I stood in the land of the midnight sun,
And tried to say 'good night';
But as this day was never done
Those useless words took flight.

How can we ever say 'good night'?
There is no night at all;
For every shadow takes its flight
When at God's feet we fall."

THE RADIANT CHRIST.

257

Matt. 17: 2; Acts 26: 18; Jno. 12: 46.

The Rev. Robert Collyer, in a recent sermon, says he well remembers a face he saw in the Cathedral at Cologne done on a panel, the verger said in the fifth century of our era. It was a face of Jesus, dim now with age, woe-worn and shorn of strength or beauty, so that the thing touched me with dismay; and I said in my heart, This may have been the ideal of his face in the closing scenes of the great tragedy, but I would like to find another portrait of him in the earlier years, as he appears in our Gospels, before the shadows of the cross and passion began to touch his soul—the man so radiant, so strong, and, when the need came, so masterful, yet so tender withal, and sweet. This seems to be only the man the prophet saw in his vision, and said, "He shall grow up as a root out of a dry ground, with no form nor comeliness in him; and, when we see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." Dr. Collyer says that he cannot be content with this likeness alone of one who seems to be dying of wasting sickness, or those eyes looking out on a world he has done with forever; for, of all the sons of God, he stands first to his vision as the perfect man and the instance of whatever is noblest and finest in our human form and presence.

LOVE IN SERVICE.

258

II Cor. 8: 9; John 14: 16; Phil 2: 7.

Some one I have been reading lately uses a very beautiful figure to describe the love which manifests itself in service. The figure is that of the lark which nests on the ground in the low grass, and from it rises, singing as it soars, the song becoming more marvellously rapturous as it mounts skyward. The thought is that perhaps it sings all the more beautifully because it nests so low. However that may be, it is certainly true that the love which stoops like the love of Christ, coming down from Heaven's glory to earth's poverty, gives forth a music the most beautiful of any harmony earth can ever know.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE PLODDER.

259

I Cor. 15: 58; Eph. 6: 18; Acts 1: 14.

The Rev. Peter Ainslie says that a few months ago he was at Rotterdam. The museum there contains the first painting of Rembrandt. It was only a rough, unartistic daubing, and you wonder why such a thing should be in a frame until you read in the corner that it was the first painting of the great Dutch artist. On the other side are the masterpieces of his genius. And then you find yourself thinking of the boy faithfully applying himself to his passion through years of hardest toil, until you can fairly see the great artist putting his finishing touches on "The Presentation in the Temple," or "The Night Watch."

A great distance intervenes between beginning and success, but fidelity can bridge the chasm. When Carey was asked the secret of his success, he said, "I can plod." Edison has well said that diligent application lays hold upon achievement, and with little regard for day or night he bends all of his energies to the consummation of his thought that electricity may do some new thing. For him to wish is only a step from possession. Nothing wrong in human life is beyond correction, if that life will bend faithfully to the task. The difference in final results often depends more on patient persistence in effort than on the different measure of talent given at the start.

A HIGH COMPLIMENT.

260

Luke 4: 32; Ps. 77: 3; John 14: 26.

Perhaps the late Dr. Maltbie B. Babcock never received a higher compliment on the power of his preaching than that offered by a richly dressed woman, who was overheard to say to her companion one Sunday morning as the congregation was leaving the Brick Church, in New York City, "I don't like that church; I am not going there any more." "Why not? Don't you like Dr. Babcock's preaching?" "Yes; but I can't get rid of him all the week."

AGGRESSIVE CHRISTIANITY.

261

Rom. 12: 9; Rev. 3: 16; Luke 13: 24.

Nothing is more needed than that sort of intense Christianity which realizes Paul's injunction to "Abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good." Christianity could conquer modern cities with its present numbers if all who call themselves Christians were positive, aggressive Christian forces. Nobody has said anything better for a long time than Dr. Lyman Abbott in a recent address to the students of Yale College. Here are some of Dr. Abbott's ringing words: "The young man today starts out with enthusiasm and is laughed at. He is told that drunkenness, licentiousness, and lawlessness have come to stay. I say they lie! It is courage and virtue that have come to stay. No compromise must be made with wrong. What are we here for? First, to get control of the world. That is civilization. Second, to overcome moral evil. That is Christianity. But the fight is a long one. My father used to say that if all the lukewarm Christians could be taken out of the churches, and each one of them turned into ten blatant infidels, the church could appoint a day of rejoicing. I agree with him."

THE HEAVENLY DOORKEEPER.

262

John 10: 7; Lev. 3: 8; Rev. 4: 1.

There was never written a sweeter story of Christian faith than this: An Indian baby was dying. It lay in its father's arms, while near by stood another little daughter, a few years older, who was a Christian. "Father," said the little girl, "little sister is going to heaven tonight. Let us pray." As she said this she kneeled at her father's knee, and this sweet little prayer fell from her lips: "Father God, little sister is coming to see you tonight. Please open the door softly and let her in. Amen."

CLOSE TO NATURE'S HEART.

264

Prov. 16: 1; Ps. 119: 112; Matt. 12: 35.

Henry Van Dyke prints in the Atlantic Monthly a poem under the title "Two Schools," which is wholesome medicine for all of us these summer days:

I put my heart to school,

In the world where men grow wise,
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;

Come back when you win the prize."

My heart came back again,

"And where is the prize?" I cried.
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
And the teacher's name was Pride."

I put my heart to school

In the woods where wild birds sing,

In the fields where flowers spring,
Where brooks run cool and clear,
And the blue of heaven bends near,
"Go out," I said, "you are only a fool,
But perhaps they can teach you here."

"And why do you stay so long,
My heart, and where did you roam?"
The answer came with a laugh and a song—
"I find this school is home."

(Dr. Banks' Illustrations continued on page 516.)

MEN AND MENTION.

By FREDERICK BARTON, Author of "Favorite Texts of Famous People."

PICTURE FOR DISOBEDIENT.

Isaiah 59: 16. 265

In the days when Sir Edward Burne-Jones was still called Mr., instead of Sir Edward, there came a little crisis of domestic discipline in the family of the artist. Word came out of the nursery that one of the children persisted in disobedience. Mrs. Burne-Jones backed the nurse in a system of face-to-the-corner punishment. Mr. Burne-Jones objected. Differing opinions ruled in the household for several days. Then, so the story goes, the father withdrew his objections. The next time the child was naughty the little face was turned to the wall. Then the painter went in and made pictures on that wall. He decorated the prison corner. He turned the nook of childish despair into a storehouse of cheerful and picturesque fascination. It was a plain and softly-tinted wall which was adorned, and there, no doubt, originated the idea of making nursery walls entertaining in an artistic way.

What gracious thoughtfulness, and withal a modernized picture of the 59th chapter of Isaiah. In the second verse the iniquities of God's people hid His face from them. In the sixteenth verse He saw there was no intercessor, nothing but punishment, then God drew a picture, with the remaining verses of the chapter, of the Redeemer.

RHYTHM FROM THE HEART. 266

Prov. 4: 23; Ezek. 36: 26.

Joachim, the violinist and music teacher, when only five years of age, was asked by his mother at a fair in a German village, what he would like for a toy. He asked for a violin, and the pointing out of other toys did not change his mind. As a teacher he is strict, yet always ready to help his pupils in every possible way; consequently he is loved and adored by them all. A young lady once sang to Dr. Joachim terribly out of tune and rhythm. He corrected her in his usual charming and considerate manner, and she forthwith exclaimed:

"Oh, Dr. Joachim, I will buy a metronome, and study with it." He smiled, but answered kindly:

"My dear young lady, you need not go to any expense about it, for rhythm and time in the art of music have to come from the heart, not from a machine."

Our church and Christian work of today would be more satisfying and successful were there more of the heart and less of the machine in it. Christ seldom appointed a committee of more than two.

PLEASURE FOR ANGELS. 267

Daniel 12: 3; Luke 15: 7.

Another story of Joachim, from *Mostly About People*, is that, when in Leipzig, as a boy of fourteen, he was living in Mendelssohn's house, and often used to visit Schumann. One evening, when the three musi-

cians were sitting in the garden, the stars were shining brightly. Young Joachim was next to Schumann, who as a rule was very solemn. Suddenly Schumann looked at Joachim, gazing at the stars in raptures, and said:

"I wonder whether there are people living up there, and whether they know that on this earth there is a little boy who plays the violin very beautifully, and gives many of us great pleasure. Are they shining down in gratitude on that little boy, I wonder?"

Joachim, modest from his earliest childhood as he is now, looked delighted, but only murmured:

"Oh, how I should like to give them pleasure up there, too!"

No child too small or any Christian ever so humble but may give joy to those beyond the stars, the angels themselves, for by leading one sinner to repent one shall cause joy in heaven, and as to the stars, they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever. Comfort for a preacher in that when difficulties gather around him like darkness.

WORKING FOR A GOOD MASTER.

I Chr. 39: 12; Matt. 6: 19. 268

Many stories are told of Russell Sage's "nearness." He may have a purpose in it, but it is true that to get all you can is considered business, to keep all you can is selfishness, and to act as if you could carry all you get into the life beyond is foolishness. The latest story is that some years ago the present general manager of the Philadelphia & Reading road, W. Jay Martin, was superintendent of a small railroad owned by Mr. Sage. He invested in a pair of trousers that caught the capitalist's eye. As the president and superintendent talked railroad business, Mr. Sage gently caressed the fabric on the superintendent's knee.

"Say, Martin," said Mr. Sage, "that's a fine piece of goods you've got there. What does a pair of trousers like that cost?"

"About \$9," said Mr. Martin.

Mr. Sage sighed regretfully and finally remarked: "My, but I wish I could afford a pair like that."

"You could if you were working for as good a man as I am," said Mr. Martin.

In a sense this reminds one of the thousands of blessings enjoyed today by Christians and unbelievers which are borne on the tide of civilization that has flowed over the world and is reaching the uttermost crevasses, put in motion by Christ's teachings. And His poverty was real. He became poor that we might be rich. What blind folly it is to not see where these blessings come from, and to do little or no work for the Master.

A LANGUAGE UNDERSTOOD BY ALL

I John 4: 10; I Cor. 14: 22;

I Tim. 1: 5. 269

Longfellow while visiting Wellesley College was invited by the college girls out row-

ing. The narrator tells in the Woman's Home Companion of helping him on with his overcoat, adding: "There was a woman at the college that day, a singing teacher from Boston, who, learning that Mr. Longfellow was there and was going out on the lake, managed to get herself taken in the same boat. Then she began talking Italian to him. We girls felt defrauded; he was our guest and we wanted him to talk to us. But he soon delighted us by saying, with quiet decision: 'Let us speak in a language which the young ladies can understand.'"

Men sometimes wonder why Christ surrounded himself with fishermen and a politician, and himself lived the life of the common people, whom Lincoln said, God must have loved, for he made so many of them. That the Gospel might be spoken and written in language that all might understand would be sufficient reason, were there no other. Volapuk was tried as a universal language, but failed. An effort is now being made to introduce another. From the time the universal language was confounded at Babel the law reigned, but from the time of Pentecost when Jews of all tongues heard Gallilean fishermen speak their different languages, there has been a universal language in the world. It is the language of love. This brings to mind the story of the oriental princess, who fell in love with one of her father's prisoners, a young Englishman. He escaped and after waiting some time she followed him over land and sea, knowing but two English words, "Guibert" and "London." Repeating them over and over she finally found the object of her love, who married her, the result of the union being Thomas a'Becket.

GREAT NOT ALWAYS WISE. 270

Job 32: 9; Ps. 22: 18; Prov. 9: 12.

Mr. Schwab, the man with a million-dollar salary, has come into the public eye through his statement that college education was not necessary to success. He no doubt is a very smart man, but in view of the following from the mayor of Cleveland, his wisdom is sadly dimmed by the universally recognized folly of gambling, and gambling is just as foolish for a rich as a poor man. Mayor Johnson said to the Cleveland Plain Dealer recently:

"Mr. Schwab is a smart man, but there was a time when I thought he was a chump. I was at Monte Carlo and on the side of the table opposite me sat a man betting \$1,000 on every turn of the wheel. Everybody was talking French and I exclaimed in English: 'What fool is that?' The plunger looked up and I recognized Schwab. He told me that he had won, but as long as I stood there he put down a fresh \$1,000 at every turn of the wheel."

CONQUERORS OF THE SEA.

Ps. 72: 8. 271

Edward Moran, the famous marine painter, died recently in New York. His parents were weavers and at the age of 12 he was able to draw clever pictures, and was often roundly

berated for making sketches on bolts of cloth, but his work in this line attracted his employer's attention, and he advised his parents to have him study art. This was impossible at the time and Edward remained in the factory until he was 22 years old. His most important work, which was completed only recently, is a series of thirteen historical pictures of various sizes, embodying the marine history of the United States. This was started twenty years ago and finished only after the Spanish-American war. The first picture of the series is called "The Ocean." It is a large canvas and represents a single wave with two or three seagulls in the foreground. The last picture of the series is called "The Return of the Conquerors." It typifies the victory in the Spanish-American war and represents Dewey's and Sampson's fleets returning home.

In Psalm 72: 8 it says he shall have dominion from sea to sea. How much has this dominion extended by the recent conquests?

SELF-DENYING SUPERSTITION.

Tit. 2: 12; Rom. 2: 15. 272

Many interesting facts have been learned concerning the Igorottes, a people in the Philippines who resemble in many ways our Indians. Edward C. Wilson, an American soldier, says they are very superstitious. When a part of the body is injured they tattoo little stars all over the affected parts, believing that by this means they will drive the little devils out that have taken up their abode there. When death occurs in a family the natives take chickens, meats and other kinds of food and a great feast is held, followed by a wild dance similar to the dances of our western Indians, and on its close the body is buried, the personal belongings of the dead person are handed around among the relatives and the visitors depart. There are rich mines in this district and some of the natives are fabulously rich but they do not seem to be aware of it. When they go to their mines they will not eat meat, as they believe it will make them blind to the sight of gold.

With all their superstition they seem to have reasoned out that indulgence blinds one to the richest gifts of life. How many Christians fail to grasp the riches of Christian life and even physical life by reason of their self-indulgence.

UNSTAMPED PRAYERS. 273

Jas. 5: 17; Luke 11: 8, 9.

Lawyer Walter J. Knight of Newark, N. J., had his faith in moral suasion severely shocked. Recently he took back an office boy 16 years old who had been pilfering small sums. He lectured the lad, whose name is Barrick Dare, and brought visions of striped suits and prison fare to his mind. The boy promised to be good and made a show of honesty by being particular to count the outgoing mail and ask for just so much money each day to pay for postage upon the letters. There was, however, something mysterious about the failure to hear from correspondents and it was evident that many checks, legal

papers, a mortgage or two and a deed had gone astray.

One day last week young Dare did not appear at the office and Mr. Knight examined his desk. He found crowded in the back of the boy's desk nearly every letter which had been written by himself and partner during four or five weeks. For a matter of 50 cents or a dollar a day he had caused hundreds of dollars' worth of trouble and it required two or three days of study, writing and telegraphing to straighten matters out.

Would you be astonished to find a month's or a year's prayers accumulated in your heart, because you misappropriated the earnestness with which you should have stamped them and used it in your amusements or business?

A PRAYER FOR A DAY.

O Lord, I pray
That for this day
I may not swerve
By foot or hand
From thy command,
Not to be served, but to serve.

This, too, I pray;
That from this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My good intent,
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may
I'd have this day
Strength from above
To set my heart
In heavenly art,
Not to be loved, but to love.

—Maltbie D. Babcock, D. D.

HOW REV. EDWARD JUDSON USES TRACTS.

At the close of the Sunday evening preaching service he is accustomed to put some good brother in the chair and while the meeting proceeds he goes down into the audience and gives to each person a choice leaflet, at the same time improving the opportunity to say a timely word. In this way he comes into personal touch with the whole audience, gives every stranger a cordial welcome, and leaves in their hand some message from God.

At least once a year he selects some one tract that has in it the very core of the Gospel. On this he prints a notice of the services, and selecting his church as a centre, he has this tract put into the hands of every person living within half a mile in each direction, regardless of creed or condition. He sometimes uses 10,000 tracts at one distribution, and finds it very fruitful in results.

"I asked a little gentleman at St. Just," says Wesley, "what objection there was to Edward Greenfield, a pious tinner, on whom the constables had seized." He said, "Why, the man is well enough in other things, but his impudence the gentlemen cannot bear. Why, sir, he says his sins are forgiven!"—Merivale's Historical Studies.

A MINISTER'S EIGHT RULES.

Mrs. Lyman Abbott, in the July Ladies' Home Journal, lays down eight rules that are essential to a minister's successful church and pastoral work. These she has the minister himself proclaim:

1. I must be always ready to call when invited.
2. Must catch at every straw of an errand to take me to one of my people.
3. Draw out from others their interests, rather than intrude my own, but always assume a common interest in the improvement of the town.
4. Never leave a house without having something on which to hang another call.
5. Never meet a person with criticism or fault-finding.
6. Prepare for calling as truly as for preaching.
7. Study especially the Master's way, and try to carry His spirit with me.
8. Keep always in mind that it is my business to bring men to a consciousness of God, and to an understanding of their relationship with Him.

We criticise those who pray in an unknown tongue and yet many of the words in the King James' version make the reading hard to understand. The Twentieth Century New Testament overcomes this. It is a translation into the English of today—the conversational English.

Here is the way the translation runs: "If I speak in the 'tongues' of men—ay, and of angels, too—but am without Love, I have become mere echoing brass, or a clangling cymbal! Even if I have the 'prophetic' gift and known all secret truths and possess all knowledge, or even if I have such perfect faith as to be able to move mountains, but am without Love, I am nothing! If I give all I possess to feed the hungry, and even if (I say what is boastful) I sacrifice my body, but am without Love, I am none the better!" No one can read this translation without obtaining a fuller knowledge of the New Testament, nor can it be read in public without securing immediate and eager attention. (Chicago: Fleming H. Revell Company. 50 cents).

Mr. Jacob A. Riis' autobiography, published under the significant title, "The Making of an American," in The Outlook, continues to attract attention and forms one of the most popular serial features ever published in that periodical. The installment contained in the May Magazine number dwells in a somewhat humorous way on many incidents and adventures which befell the young Danish immigrant in his attempt to gain a foothold in American life. \$3.00 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

UNUSUAL.

ALL PREACHERS ARE HYPOCRITES.

An infidel named Barker was declaiming in Philadelphia in the hearing of a good Quaker. The infidel said in the course of his address that all preachers were hypocrites, and did not believe in the doctrines they preached.

"Let me ask thee a question," said the Quaker. "You were a preacher some years ago. Did you preach what you did not believe? Were you a hypocrite?"

The infidel evaded answering, and the Quaker continued: "If thou wast sincere when thou wast a preacher, there must have been at least one preacher who was not a hypocrite, so thou must be lying now. If thou wast a hypocrite then, thou must be one now. This is a dilemma, Friend Barker."

The audience agreed, and the infidel was laughed into silence.—Selected.

"YOU WERE NOT POPULAR TODAY SIR."

One of Mr. Gun's first sermons was preached in his native parish of Watten, and on arriving at the manse after sermon, the minister, who had been a hearer, sternly said, "You were not popular today, sir." "In what respect?" replied the other. "You spoke too much of the badness of our hearts. You had nothing to do with that; if our hearts are bad, we ought to make them better!"—Ministers and Men of the Far North.

WHAT MINISTERS PAY TO PREACH.

When I was a rector of a church in Baltimore (says an Episcopalian bishop) I used to see a dear old lady in the garb of a Quaker very often in the congregation of the church. One of the wardens said to me:

"Mrs. —— is a great friend of yours."

"I am glad to hear it," I replied.

"Yes," said the warden, "she said to me, 'I love to hear your pastor preach, but I should like him so much better if he did not receive money for it'."

"But," said the warden, "he pays \$20,000 a year for the privilege of preaching to us."

"Does he, indeed? And how so?" asked the old lady.

"Well, we both were educated at the same time, we are about of an age, and I earn \$23,000 a year at my profession, while he only receives \$3,000."

"I tell thee," said the dear old Quaker, "I shall always hear him hereafter with a great deal more pleasure."

HEARING SERMONS.

A woman in humble life was asked one day on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon; a stranger had preached, and his discourse resembled one of Mr. Bacon's, neither in length nor depth. "Wud I ha'e the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer. The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her; she had

done her duty, as well as she could in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out. "Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homewards after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant: "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church!" "Ay, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing."—Southey's Doctor.

ROBERT HALL.—VERY IRREGULAR.

"What is your opinion of the Ranters, Mr. Hall? Don't you think they ought to be put down?" "I don't know enough of their conduct to say that. What do they do? Do they inculcate antinomianism, or do they exhibit immorality in their lives?" "Not that I know of; but they fall into very irregular practices." "Indeed! What practices?" "Why, sir, when they enter a village they begin to sing hymns, and they go on singing until they collect a number of people about them, on the village green, or in some neighboring field, and then they preach." "Well, whether they may be prudent or expedient, or not, depends upon circumstances; but as yet I see no criminality." "But you must admit, Mr. Hall, that it is very irregular." "And suppose I do admit that, what follows? Was not our Lord's rebuking the scribes and Pharisees, and driving the buyers and sellers out of the temple, very irregular? Was not almost all He did in His public ministry very irregular? Was not the course of the apostles, and of Stephen, and of many of the evangelists very irregular? Were not the proceedings of Luther and Calvin and of their fellow-workers in the Reformation very irregular? a complete and shocking innovation upon all the quiescent doings of the papists? And were not the whole lives of Whitefield and Wesley very irregular lives, as you view such things? Yet how infinitely is the world indebted to all these! No, sir; there must be something widely different from mere irregularity before I can condemn."—Gregory's Memoir of Robert Hall.

THE CHAPLAIN AND THE COOK.

The witty Earl of Rochester being once in company with Charles II, his queen, chaplain, and some ministers of state, the king suddenly exclaimed: "Let our minds be unbended from the cares of state, and give us a generous glass of wine, that cheereth, as the Scripture saith, both God and man." The queen intimated that she did not think the Bible contained any such declaration. The chaplain, being appealed to, agreed with her majesty. Rochester, deeming the king to be

right, went to the kitchen to inquire among the servants if any of them were conversant with the Bible, and knew in which part of it the passage might be found. Finding that the Scotch cook was acquainted with the locality and meaning of the disputed verse, Rochester ordered him to be in waiting, and returned to the king. The "wine question" was still under discussion, and Rochester moved that David the cook should be called in. This was done, and the passage produced, and read aloud from Judges ix, 13. The king smiled, the queen asked pardon, and the poor chaplain blushed. Rochester now asked the parson to explain the text. "The poor craven chaplain said never a word." The earl therefore applied to David for an exposition. The honest cook immediately replied, "How much wine cheereth man your lordship knows; and that it cheereth God, I beg leave to say that, under the Old Testament dispensation, there were meat-offerings and drink-offerings. The latter consisted of wine, which by a metaphor is said to cheer God, as He was well pleased in the salvation He had appointed; whereby His justice was satisfied, His law fulfilled, His mercy reigned, His love triumphed, and the sinner was saved." The king was agreeably surprised at his evangelical exposition; and Rochester recommended that the parson should be made cook, and the cook made parson!

BRICK OR CLAY?

When Dr. Charles H. Fowler (now Bishop) left the pastorate to accept the presidency of Northwestern University, a gentleman said to him: "Well, I hear you are to stop teaching men, and are going to teach boys!" The doctor paused a moment, and asked: "If you wanted to write your name on a brick so that it would stay, would you write it when the clay was plastic and impressionable, or after it had been burned?" The gentleman saw the point and replied: "Why on the brick before it was burned, of course." Dr. Fowler did not apply the illustration. That was unnecessary.

REV. RALPH ERSKINE AND HIS VIOLIN.

The only amusement in which Ralph Erskine indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following traditional anecdote connected with the subject. A poor man in one of the neighboring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose tenets fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms therefore, and attended by the full complement of old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of _____, some miles off—not that of Mr. Erskine, where he in-

quired if the clergyman was at home. "No; he's no hame the noo," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn fishing, but I can soon cry him." "Ye need na gie yoursel' the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "nane o' your fishin' ministers shall baptize my bairn."

Off he then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at hame the day; he's been out since sax i' the morning, at the shooting. Ye need na wait, neither; for he'll be sae made out (fatigued) when he comes back that he'll no be able to boo at a', let-a-be baptizing a wean!" "Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn, "wad I wait, d'ye think, to haud up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at sax i' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to good Mr. Erskine at Dunfarlan', and he'll be neither out fishing or shooting, I think!"

The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the Secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On arriving at the manse, which they did not till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren. "The minister will not be at hame," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door, "or your lad (sweetheart) would nae be playing that gate t'ye on the fiddle." "The minister is at hame," quoth the girl, "maire by token it's himself that's playin', honest man; he aye takes a tune at night before gangin' to bed. Faith, ther's na lad o' mine can play that gate; it would be something to tell if any o' them could." "That the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If he does this, what may the rest not do? Weel, I fairly gie them up a' thegither. I have travelled this hail day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointments in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gudewife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa' back to our ain minister, after a'. He's no a' thegither sound, it's true; but let him be what he likes in doctrine, I never kenned him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle a' his days."

Use Little Preachers, dainty white cards, printed in Yale blue and red, twelve varieties.

They lead people to think, to pray, to forsake sin. Excellent to open conversation. If you cannot talk for Christ, these talk for you. For one dollar you can preach a thousand sermons. Evangelists find them very helpful. Pastors use them for Decision Day. Teachers may win their scholars to Christ. One girl led eleven boys to accept Christ in one forenoon. Crown Publishing Co., New Haven, Conn.

HOMILETIC DEPARTMENT.

Conducted by REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.
Author of "Synthetic Bible Studies."

I.

A SYMPOSIUM ON THE NEED AND VALUE OF BIBLE STUDY.

In order to strengthen the appeal previously made for the study of the Bible on the part of young ministers and Christian workers, I append the testimony of others, who have earned the right to speak, as to its necessity in these days, and its importance. The first witness is Dr. Harper, the president of Chicago University, who in writing for the *Sunday School Times* some time ago and alluding to college students, said:

"The student should study the Bible because it is *not* well known. When everything possible has been said, it remains true that the ignorance which prevails with respect to this well-known book is something stupendous. The professor in the divinity school is amazed at the lack of knowledge displayed by those who perhaps for years have planned to give their lives to the preaching of the Word. This ignorance is an ignorance of the very facts which lie upon the surface. And besides this ignorance of what is on the surface, there prevails still more extensively an ignorance of the relation sustained by the different parts to each other, of the particular purpose which each was intended to subserve. The student to whom the facts are somewhat familiar is too frequently accustomed so to arrange and interpret them as to lose much, if not all, of their significance.

"It is not my purpose here to locate the responsibility for this ignorance, but simply, after many years of contact with college and divinity students, to declare the fact. The Christian college established to promulgate the truth as it is found in Jesus Christ has failed to do the very thing for which it was established. How, in view of the facts, it can justify to its constituency its continuance, is a mystery. Our young men have been allowed—yes, compelled—to go forth from college with no adequate knowledge of this greatest of all books. The simplest tests cannot be passed. To indicate the line of thought and chief ideas of a particular prophet, or the argument of an epistle, or to state even the most important events in the life of our Lord, would be impossible for the average college graduate. And if some one asks how it is that the Bible, though so well known, is yet so little known, the answer is this: Many men know about the Bible; few men know it."

Dr. Harper's words will hardly be thought to require corroboration, and yet, singularly enough, about the same date that his article appeared in the *Times*, another by Mr. George Edward Reed, entitled "The English Bible in the College Curriculum," appeared in the *University Magazine*, with this opening sentence:

"It is a somewhat discreditable fact that in very few of the universities and colleges of

America is there any adequate provision for intelligent and faithful study of the book believed, by Christians at least, to contain the word of God to man." Our author goes on to say further, that "the same is true of our Theological Seminaries. True, there is liberal provision for studying the Scriptures in the language in which they were originally written, but, as we all know, largely for training in linguistic and exegetical laws or for the building up of systems of Theology within them for the purposes of pure Biblical science. But of the study of the English Bible, considered as a literary or historical monument, or as a great world-book on religion, there is, generally speaking, well-nigh utter neglect."

That Mr. Reed's charge against Theological Seminaries is not entirely unjustified may be gathered from the observations of our third witness, the Rev. Dr. Ashmore, the well-known and greatly-respected missionary to China of the American Baptist Church. In an article, headed "My Theological Student's Bible," he relates his seminary experience thus: "We had a deal that referred directly or indirectly to the Bible, but a surprisingly small amount of pure Bible itself. We had plenty of church history, and plenty of the history of the vicissitudes of Christianity. We were well posted in regard to the church fathers, Jerome, Irenaeus, Eusebius and others; but not so much about the church grandfathers, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. We were made well acquainted with the Gregories and with Hildebrand; but I do not remember ever once having our attention called to Ezra and Nehemiah and their place in the ancient drama of Israel. Perhaps we were supposed to know all about these Bible worthies; but nobody ever tried to ascertain how much we did know; and certain it is, that none of us knew about them as we ought to have known. We had some special lessons in one or two of the epistles, in several of the psalms, and in some of the prophecies, and also in a few select portions of the gospels. But other and vastly important parts of the Bible had to be left out altogether. We had nothing on the book of Revelation. We had no elaborate study of the Mosaic ritual and of its profound and varied systems of types; especially were we left uninitiated into the minute and wonderful co-ordination of parts in the various books of the Old and New Testaments, which disclose the stupendous fact of a divine plan running through the whole, linking them all together as an indissoluble unit and carrying with them an amazing power of conviction."

That the experience of Dr. Ashmore is the common experience of seminary men will be confessed by many and denied by few.

Our fourth witness is Rev. James Stalker, D. D., the well-known author of a "Life of Christ" and "Life of Paul," who, as a delegate from the National Bible Society of Scotland, is addressing the seventy-fifth anniver-

sary of the American Bible Society. He is not speaking so much either of the need or value of Bible study as of its method, in the course of which he so thoroughly commends the synthetic method previously presented to my readers as to make a quotation peculiarly appropriate. He says: "The books of the Bible may be studied with great advantage as separate wholes. I still remember the first time I ever read a whole book of the Bible straight through at a sitting. I chanced, while a student, to spend a winter in France; and one day I was in a town where there was no Protestant church. In the morning I went to the Roman Catholic church; but the service was all over by breakfast time, and I was thrown on my own resources for the rest of the day. Leaving the hotel where I was staying, I lay down on a green knoll and began reading here and there, as I was wont, in the Bible, till, chancing on the Epistle to the Romans, I read on and on through it. As I proceeded, I began to catch the drift of Paul's thought; or rather, I was caught by it and drawn on. The mighty argument opened out and rose like a great work of art above me till at last it inclosed me within its perfect proportions. It was a revolutionary experience. I saw for the first time that a book of Scripture is a complete discussion of a single subject; I felt the force of the book as a whole; and I understood the different parts in the light of the whole as I had never understood them when reading them by themselves. To take in the whole drift of a book makes a much stronger impression than can be made by its separate chapters or verses; and thus to master book after book is to fill the mind with the great thoughts of God. Another advantage of this method of study is that the parts of a book are more intelligible when read in the light of the whole. Many an obscure verse becomes clear when you come upon it in its own place in the course of the argument; and many a verse, prized already for itself, acquires a new dignity when you perceive that it is the key-stone of some great arch of truth. There are indeed, it must be confessed, some disappointments also in this mode of study. Sometimes you will discover that favorite verses have not the meaning you have attributed to them. The mere sound has suggested a certain meaning; but when you come upon the verse in its own place, you see at once that its meaning is quite different. Surely, however, every virile mind will wish to know precisely what the writer meant by every word he said, and every reverent mind will be persuaded that the exact thought of the Spirit is the best."

I will bring this "symposium" to a close with a few weighty words from the venerable Dr. H. G. Weston, president of Crozier Seminary, who, in a letter of advice to a younger brother in the ministry, relates his personal experience thus:

"All the years of my pastorate, I gave the first hour of the morning to Bible study, utterly irrespective of the next Sunday's sermon, and to that habit I owe everything I am or have done. Let me suggest that you

study the Bible. . . . Let commentaries and Biblical helps alone for the most part during that hour. Let the Bible interpret itself, and learn to think. Look on a text, a paragraph, a book as the sun looks on a flower, let it unfold its beauties. We get a great deal of good from that which we imperfectly comprehend. As DeQuincey says, 'No complex or very important truth was ever transferred in full development from one mind to another. . . . It is a seed which must be sown and pass through the several stages of growth.' When you have finished Romans, take the Phillipians and just read it—read it a hundred times, brood over it. It is the portrait of the ideal Christian set for the defence and confirmation of Gospel, for there is no proof of Christianity like the Christian, as there is no argument for Christ like Christ."

I pray that the words of these wise and thoughtful men may not be lost upon, or come up in the judgment against any of my present readers; but that they may bear an hundred-fold of fruit in that kind of Bible study which will make them "workmen needing not to be ashamed."

II.

SERMONIC HINTS FOR MIDSUMMER.

Summer Evangelizing.—This is the season of the year when things

"slow down,

And everybody's out of town." But as others have observed before me, the devil takes no vacation. An earlier opportunity was improved, in the paragraph on "Migratory Members," to speak of the use "vacationists" might be to country churches and populations in the preaching and teaching of the Word, and in other directions, but our present thought is directed towards those who stay at home in our great cities.

Apropos thereto there comes to my mind an interesting article by the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., in the *Watchword*, entitled "A Basket of Summer Fruit," (Amos viii, 1), in which he went on to tell of the opportunities having come to him and the Christian workers in his church during a certain summer season, when a good many were saying nothing could be done. His young people had conducted an open air meeting on the church steps one or two evenings each week, and they had organized themselves into bands to visit the wharves and jails on Sunday mornings, and the street-car stables and hospitals in the afternoons. He himself had an unusual amount of personal work with souls during the heated term, just because so many other pastors were away, and hence had reaped a rich harvest. The title of his article furnishes an unique text for a discourse on "Summer Evangelizing." After speaking of its historical setting in the book of Amos, and explaining the accommodated sense in which it was about to be used, one might proceed to speak of the following reasons for activity in Christian work during the summer time, in cities:

1. The same need exists, Satan is as active, sin is as prevalent and deadly as ever.

2. The same power is in existence to work with, viz., the power of the Holy Ghost.
3. The same obligation rests upon us, "there is no discharge in this warfare."
4. The same reward is promised. Daniel xii, 3; James v, 20.

* * * *

Drifting.—The summer is a time of drifting, not only in the romantic sense on river and lake, but in the moral and spiritual sense of relaxing the hold on the things of God. F. B. Meyer has a helpful chapter, entitled "Don't Drift," in his "Light on Life's Duties" (Bible Institute, Colportage, Chicago). A good thing on the subject has come under my eye from Pastor Mosier of Grace Gospel Church, Brooklyn, from which a few selections are given below:

1. We drift when we cease to row. Many Christians have started well in their course, but for various reasons have relaxed their efforts.

2. We drift when we row without our chart. The tendency today is to throw away the sure guide of the Word and resort to human tradition and individual speculation.

3. We drift when we row in the energy of the flesh. God never intended human strength to cope with superhuman difficulties. The currents that strike against the soul are so varied and sudden and semi-omnipotent that divine energy is necessary to compete with and overcome them.

4. We drift when we row and play. God never intended the pleasures of this world to satisfy or help His children. Moses chose rather to "suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Abraham sojourned in the land of promise, and dwelt in tabernacles, "for he looked for a city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God." The Christian who chooses to have the world's amusements will surely be a drifting Christian.

5. We drift when we row spasmodically. Diligence during the period of first love, or the revival season, or the week of prayer, or under the cloud of affliction is not the ideal for the one who would gain an "abundant entrance" into the everlasting haven. The Christian who would not drift must have his place for daily closet devotions. By thus living by rule, he will learn to "pray without ceasing," and he will be constantly rowing and progressing.

6. We drift when we row singly. One cannot row alone. He must keep stroke with others who are in the same course. The tendency for the most devoted today is to withdraw from fellowship with all of God's people, and to strike out alone. This is contrary to the Book. God has ordained that His people shall stand together. "Not forgetting the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is." Because there is confusion in Christendom is no excuse for individualism. Reconstruction may be necessary, but not monasticism.

7. We drift when overweighted. Many of God's people are carrying more than their license allows. They have loaded on world-

liness until ready to sink. A good text for such a theme as this would be Hebrews ii, 1, Revised Version.

* * * *

Spiritual Dew.—There is a sort of fitness sometimes between the text and the weather that plays its own part in interesting and blessing a congregation of hearers. "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew," Deuteronomy xxxii, 2, would not be a bad text in many ways for a sultry August evening in either city or country. Look into your Encyclopedia or Natural History for some of the phenomena of dew, and into your Bible Dictionary for any peculiarities of dew in the far East, and you will be provided with a fine outline for a topical discourse.

1. The droughts are very long in the East and often quite disastrous; were it not for the dew everything would wither.

2. A remarkable feature of the dew in the East is its copiousness, so abundant indeed as to supply the absence of showers.

3. It is in the act of sending up toward heaven the heat it obtained from thence that the earth receives the dew upon its bosom. (Prayer brings blessing.)

4. Dew glistens in the lowly valleys; you do not find it on the mountain tops. The Lord hath respect unto the lowly.

5. Dew falls in the stillness of night where no rushing tempest is or lightning flash.

6. Dew is very fructifying. Compare Hosea xiv.

This last allusion to Hosea xiv, suggests the words in verse 5 as a desirable text: "I will be as the dew unto Israel." God himself is the "dew" of His people. As a result their growth is

1. Rapid—the lily.
2. Strong and permanent—Lebanon.
3. Expansive—spreading branches.
4. Beautiful—olive tree.
5. Fragrant—Lebanon.
6. Beneficent—under His shadow.

III. HOMILETIC SUGGESTIONS IN EXODUS.

A Text for the Lord's Supper.—"And it shall come to pass, when ye be come to the land which the Lord will give you, according as He hath promised, that ye shall keep this service." xii, 25. This text will be found valuable in treating typically the privilege and duty of observing the Lord's supper. Notice who were to keep the passover, and when it was to be kept. It was for God's own people, after they had entered upon the promised land. The memorial supper is for believers in Christ. Notice that it was a duty not to be escaped—"Ye shall keep it." Notice from the context (verses 26, 27), that there was the thought of testimony in it as well as that of memorial and thanksgiving. The Lord's supper is also a setting forth of, and a testimony to "the Lord's death till He come" (I Corinthians xi, 26).

The Roundabout Way.—“God led them not through the land of the Philistines although that was near.” xiii, 17. The old proverb is true: “The furthest way round is sometimes the nearest way home.” If Israel had seen war too soon, they would have preferred Egypt to Canaan and never entered the promised land. When by-and-by they saw war they were prepared for it and it was a stimulant to progress. The thought suggests the wisdom of God in our hindrances and delays, and calls attention to the love back of it all. It is because He purposes an ultimate blessing that these things come in our way, otherwise the blessing would be lost. Note that later, at Kadesh, the people, through unbelief, put hindrances in their own way which kept them out of the land forty times as long as God intended. There is, therefore, “a roundabout way” that is God’s way, and one that is our own way. Which is delaying us at the present time?

Divine Guidance.—“And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light, to go by day and night.” xiii, 21. The thought here is “divine guidance”:

1. Its subjects: The people of God, the redeemed ones.

2. Its object: Their deliverance from evil and enjoyment of good.

3. Its character: Suited to their circumstances and needs, the cloud to lead, the fire to illuminate.

4. Its duration: Always, by day and by night.

The Importance of Position.—“And the pillar of cloud . . . came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these.” xiv, 19, 20. There are some games and some races where defeat or success depend almost entirely upon position. How armies on the battlefield and ships of war at sea maneuver for position! How much did the safety of the Hebrews and the confusion of the Egyptians depend on which side of the pillar of cloud they stood! Who put the Hebrews on the right side? What antecedent act on their part made this possible? Did it not follow their redemption through the exercise of faith? We can apply the idea in several ways:

1. Human views about the Bible and holy living depend on whether we know ourselves redeemed or not. That which is darkness on these subjects to one is light to another.

2. The same thing is true concerning the providential dealings of God with men. The trials and disappointments of life are a thick cloud to the worldling hindering his way, but to the saint they are signboards leading out of Egypt.

3. The thought may be applied more directly to the conditions represented by the text, where God makes the very same event a blessing to His people and a curse to His and their enemies.

The Source and Nature of Salvation.—“I am the Lord that healeth thee.” xv, 26. God

is the healer of the body and the soul. The first-named He heals whether it be with or without human agencies and means. The story of Israel’s wanderings and Jesus’ doings while with us in the flesh furnish abundant evidence and illustration of this fact. Moreover the history of the church down to our own day is not destitute of the same kind of testimony. See A. J. Gordon’s “Ministry of Healing.” (Revell.)

How does God heal the soul? By His Word, his providences, His Spirit, the work of Christ.

What is it for the soul to be healed? Salvation, forgiveness, reconciliation with God, holiness of living, completed redemption in glory.

What is the condition of healing? Faith, obedience. See the context.

“The Man of Galilee,” by Frank W. Gunsaulus, D. D., is not a hurriedly written life of Christ, to supply a demand of publishers, but as Mr. Gunsaulus himself said, it contains what he regards as his best sermons, so that each chapter shows thought, and reads as if it were being spoken to one. The chapter on the Uplifted Christ is in all probability one of the greatest sermons delivered by this Chicago Appolos. The book is published by the Monarch Book Co., Chicago, and the company would be pleased to correspond with agents.

NEGLECTED TEXTS.

By G. B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

STARVING SIN.

"Neither give place to the devil." Eph. 4:27.

Sin grows by what it feeds upon. If it were not nourished it would die. A weed could not grow in the garden did we not give it place. Satan could not accomplish much in our hearts did we not give him place. "Neither give place to the devil." That is, starve him out.

I. *Sin must be fed to grow.* It is an insatiate, inappeasable thing. It is always hungry, always ready to construct its own fibre out of the fleshly follies of the sons of men.

1. How quickly it lays hold upon our truant thoughts and turns them to its own use. Like some hideous beast it crouches at the door of the heart. The very first instant an evil thought appears it springs upon it and makes it a means of its own unwelcome growth.

2. Evil imaginations also are food for evil, and it fattens upon them if unhindered.

3. Evil desires if "given place" soon ripen into evil deeds.

II. *But if evil may be fed, it can also be starved.* The best way of dealing with evil, therefore, is the way a nation once dealt with an invading army, cut it off from its base of supplies. Destroy sin's commissariat. Starve it out.

III. *How can sin be starved?*

1. For one thing the supply must be cut off at the front. "Lord, give me a new heart," should be the sinner's cry. In a new nature, uncongenial to sin, evil thoughts, evil imaginations, evil desires, have but little soil to grow in. They fall, as it were, upon sterilized surfaces, upon soil fortified against their pernicious activity.

2. By sanctification. As the process of sanctification advances in the soul of the believer sin finds less and less to live upon. This emphasizes the duty of watchfulness; for each Christian is in duty bound to make sure that he is not in his own heart-life providing sin with any congenial soil or the supports which assist its development and spread.

3. By strategy. The surest protection against evil is to live in the atmosphere of good. When the heart is possessed by an overmastering love for Christ, love for the world cannot hold sway over it. "Neither give place to the devil." That is, keep him out by having no vacant room for him to enter. Preempt the heart with grace. Fill the mind with good. Turn your imaginations toward heavenly things. Fix your desires on holy things. Occupy your hands and your heart and your time with the good, and thus starve sin out of your life.

A GOOD GRIP.

"Hold fast that thou hast, that no man take thy crown." Rev. 3:11.

This was a message to the church at Philadelphia. It is a message to us.

I. *"Hold fast" because that which you have is such excellent treasure.*

1. You have faith. It may seem but little. It may not be really much. But what there is of it, is it not a very precious thing? Hold it fast.

2. You have truth. However little or much of it you may possess it is very valuable indeed. "Buy the truth and sell it not." Buy it at any price. Sell it at no price. Sell it not.

3. You have hope. It may not be as large or bright a hope as you would like, but such as it is it not very precious to you? What could induce you to part with the even feeble hope that you have? Hold it fast. To lose hope is to fail. Never let go and give up.

II. *"Hold fast" for there is enough at stake to cause you to be desperately in earnest.* It is your "crown," your wreath of victory at life's goal. The prize is of utmost value; therefore show the mind and the muscle of an earnest man. The proof of our religion is in holding on to the end. "He that endureth unto the end shall be saved."

III. *"Hold fast" for there is opposition enough to require it.*

1. From Satan. Look out! Fight. Resist. Keep fighting.

2. From satanic men. "Let no man take thy crown."

3. From our own sinful natures.

IV. *"Hold fast," there is incentive enough to inspire to it.* It is a "crown" to be bestowed by Christ's own hand. "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." What a joy and what an honor it will be to be crowned by Christ himself! Therefore hold fast, never give up, push on, endure. "Be not weary in well doing for in due season ye shall reap if ye faint not."

SOUL PROSPERITY.

"Beloved, I wish above all things that thou mayest prosper and be in health, even as thy soul prospereth." 3 John 1:2.

Soul prosperity is soul health. Even a soul may lose its health and become sick. Often soul sickness, like disease to the body, steals in unawares. A young girl became suddenly very sick, but the physician remarked that the disease had been working in her system for some time. Unless we are watchful soul unhealth may steal upon us in the same unexpected way.

I. Notice, first, *some symptoms of ill health.*

1. Low temperature. Lack of warmth and vitality, with pulse slow and weak. This is always an unfavorable condition. So luke-warmness is always a bad sign in religion.

2. Failing appetite. This is well recognized in the region of physical health. It ought to be as well known in the region of soul health. Look out for loss of appetite for God's Word, and worship, for Christian conversation, etc.

3. Difficulty in breathing. Prayer is the Christian's vital breath. When prayer becomes an irksome duty the soul is very seriously diseased.

4. General lethargy. One may continue to drag himself through the forms of service, but when it becomes heavy and lifeless and constrained it is a sure sign of lack of soul health.

II. Notice, secondly, some means of recovery and good health.

1. Seek good food. Let those sick with soul disease seek spiritual food, Bible promises, gospel preaching, helpful instruction, and it will go a long way toward recovering and a confirmed condition of health.

2. Breathe freely. Take good large draughts of the pure air of prayer, the heavenly atmosphere of Calvary.

3. Take plenty of exercise. The wise physician might well prescribe for many sick Christians the exercise cure. An English doctor told his rich invalid patient, "Live on a shilling a day and earn it." He knew the man's main need was exercise. Active Christian effort, work for others, would prove a cure for many sick souls and a means of continued soul prosperity.

HOW GREAT WORKS ARE DONE.

"What is that in thine hand?" Ex. 4:2.

Moses was keeping sheep in Midian. God told him to go and deliver Israel from bondage. He shrank from the undertaking. We do not wonder that he did; for he was without training in warfare and without any visible means for prosecuting the work. He had nothing but his shepherd's rod, cut out of a thicket. But God said to him: "What is that in thine hand?" And he said, "A rod." God then told him that with that rod, that mere stick, he should save Israel. And so it proved. Notice some examples of how God has used little things to accomplish greater things. Gather some of the lessons they teach.

I. *What is that in thine hand, Shamgar?* It was an ox-goad with which he urged his lazy beasts. Yet used for God and Shamgar's ox-goad defeats the Philistines. Suppose Shamgar had refused to use it because it was crude or small or ill-suited, as he thought, to the work; no such honor of victory would ever have stood to the credit of Shamgar. There are people who are losing the honors of better victories today because they do not do their best for God with the things they already possess.

II. *What is that in thine hand, David?* It is only a sling, a little weapon he had made for pleasure or with which he kept the wolves away from his sheep. Yet with that sling he slew Goliath, whom the whole army of Israel dared not meet. Some of us have accomplishments we have never thought of more seriously than a source of some slight pleasure to ourselves or others. We can sing, or play an instrument, or draw, or paint a picture, or tell a story well. Have you ever thought of using your accomplishment for God? Or maybe it

is some power you have gained in the more serious endeavors of your business or profession. Whatever the accomplishment, whatever power you have developed or skill you have cultivated, why not use it for God? You have no idea how much it may result in if you will only use it, as David used his sling, in the name of the Lord of Hosts.

III. *What is that in thine hand, young disciple?* Oh, nothing but five barley loaves and two small fishes. Yet even as did the young lad in the gospels, you may hear Christ say, "Bring them to me. Give them to God" and have the reward of seeing a whole multitude fed. You may be young; but use the things you have. You have youth. That is one advantage. A boy can reach boys. A girl can reach girls. Young men can reach young men, and young women can reach young women. Use at this moment the things you have at this moment have. When you get older you may have other things to use; but that can never make up for your not using the things you have now.

IV. *What is that in thine hand, poor widow?* "Only two mites," did you say? Give them to God, and, behold, the fame of your riches fills the world, and many others are led thereby to give, some out of their poverty and some out of their abundance, and streams of money have flowed into the Lord's treasury for the extension of his kingdom in the world as a result. Use what you have in your hand. Give from what you have now got. Don't wait to grow rich and give millions. God will make the giving of littles from the little you have worth more to you, and more to the world too, than the mere thinking you would give millions if you had them.

V. *What is that in thine hand, thou weeping woman?* Oh, it is but a small alabaster box of fragrant ointment. Give it to God. Break it; pour it upon the Saviour's head, and its sweet perfume is a fragrance in the Church until now and is filling the world with its grateful odor. Have you not some choice grace you have kept hid or some ornament you have hidden away—something you can bring out and use for the Master's sake? To give it to him is the best way to save it. To break your alabaster box is the only way to let the fragrance out.

VI. *What is that in thine hand, diligent Dorcas?* My needle! Use it. Use it for God, and those coats and garments keep multiplying, and they are giving warmth to those who are cold and clothing the needy and naked still. There is no end to the hospital supplies and the orphan asylum furnishings, the sewing circle products and the charity donations that have fallen in finished form from the hand that plied Dorcas' needle.

The lesson is exactly the same in every case. It is that God wants us to serve him now just where we are and with the things we happen just now to have. With faithfulness on the part of all God's people and the world would be won to him ere long.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TURNING THE LAUGH.

Luke 6: 25; Ps. 2: 4; Prov. 1: 26.

On one occasion, as Henry Ward Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech, someone attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. It was done to perfection; a number of people laughed in spite of themselves, and Mr. Beecher's friends felt that in a moment the whole effect of the meeting and of the orator's thrilling appeal might collapse. Mr. Beecher, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said. "My watch is only ten. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible." There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animal" in the gallery subsided, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume with still greater control of his audience.

GOD'S LOVE IN SORROW.

Isa. 66: 13; John 14: 18; 2 Cor. 1: 3-5.

Alice G. Howard sings very sweetly of the tender love of God which breathes comfort into our hearts when the sorrow is beyond the power of human hand to heal.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth,
His sweetest, tenderest care.

He knows where the hurt is the deepest,
The tears of night and of day,
And, whispering softly, "I love you,"
Brushes the teardrops away.

He places His hand on the wellspring,
The quivering lips refrain
And the eyes smile forth in defiance,
His love enfolding the pain.

The sorrow that nobody mentions,
The sorrow no one may share,
Is the sorrow the dear Lord giveth
His sweetest, tenderest care.

Evil communications corrupt good manners.—I Corinthians xv: 33.

The writer had a guest at his house one evening whose great weakness was smoking tobacco, and after dinner I invited him to indulge it in my study if he so desired, whither both of us retired. A moment or two after his cigar had been lighted I excused myself and passed into another room to kiss my little baby boy good-night. But the moment the latter touched my lips with his he exclaimed, "Oh, papa, your lips taste as if you had been smoking." It was the proximity to the smoker, however, and only for a moment or two, that had wrought the effect. It is not only company of a physical but a literary character that accomplishes like results some times. We are always assimilating or being assimilated. How quickly God must detect the flavor of sin!

If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established.—Isaiah vii: 9.

All New Englanders are acquainted with the Mechanics' Charitable Association which holds a great quadrennial industrial exhibition in Boston. On the opening day of a certain one of these exhibitions a hundred boys, more or less, were gathered around the east entrance of the building, peering into the display with wistful countenances whenever the door was opened, but unable to muster the necessary admission fee.

While they were thus engaged, a gentleman appeared at the top of the flight of steps, and inquired, "Boys, would you like to go into the fair?"

A vociferous affirmative shout was the instantaneous response.

"Well," continued he, "run down to the center door, and just say, 'Mr. Jenkins, of The New York Tribune,' and the marshal will let you in."

Silence followed the remark for a brief second, until the boys became fully assured that they understood it, when a still louder cry of derision rent the air, as if to say, "Do you think we're so 'green' as to believe that?"

Not one of the boys acted upon his suggestion, with a single exception. There was one lad there who thought the possibility of the result was worth the trial; and, stepping out cautiously from the others, and approaching the door falteringly, as one might suppose, lest he should only be laughed at for his pains, he uttered the talismanic words and gained admission. With a yell and a rush his companions followed, expecting to fare as well, only, however, to be disappointed. Not another was thus admitted but himself. Even his younger brother, of less faith than he, and for whom he pleaded with the marshal, was not granted the privilege. So far as he himself was concerned, however, he was at liberty to enter not only on that day, but, with a single exception, I believe, on every other day of the fair during the three months of its continuance.

The explanation of this circumstance I am unable to give; but for the truth of it I can vouch, since the boy referred to was one of my own offspring.

This incident has often been used by me, this narration of it indeed is copied from the Christian Endeavor World, and I believe it has been blessed of God in moving souls to exercise saving faith in Christ, to take Him at His word, to step out on His promises, as we say, and to taste and see that the Lord is good.

chapters, on the social awakening of the Christian church, recent research in inspiration of Holy Writ, emancipation of Evangelical theology, failure of modern substitutes for ancient faith, and the message of the last to the present century. The portrait of the kingdom of heaven on earth is faithful, though drawn by its intimate friend.

He says in the introduction he is compelled to deal with Christianity as he finds it; not with it as he may suppose it ought to be, not even as it appears to him, but as it is in the eyes of others, and not necessarily as revealed in the New Testament, but as it is seen in history. He has tried to ascertain how far Jesus Christ rules in the theology and in the social life of the age. It is rich in thought and expression and painstaking research is evidenced in every page.—American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia, 652 pages, \$2.25 a copy.

"A Short Introduction to the Literature of the Bible," by Richard G. Moulton, is designed for the general reader, while his "Literary Study of the Bible" was for students. We quote as follows from his introduction:

"Many things have convinced me that we are entering upon a new era of popular interest in the sacred Scriptures. My duties as a lecturer have brought me in contact with many different types of audiences in different parts of England and America. No single thing has impressed me more than the commonness of the remark—coming usually from persons who were neither uneducated nor irreligious—that the Bible (except for a few passages) had long been a sealed book to them, but that they were talking to it again. We have done almost everything that is possible with these Hebrew and Greek writings. We have overlaid them, clause by clause, with exhaustive commentaries; we have translated them, revised the translations, and quarreled over the revisions; have discussed authenticity and inspiration, and suggested textual history with colored type; we have mechanically divided the whole into chapters and verses, and sought texts to memorize and quote; we have epitomized into handbooks and extracted school lessons; we have recast from the feminine point of view, and even from the standpoint of the next century. There is yet one thing left to do with the Bible: simply to read it. To give an impetus to this last is the main purpose of the present book."

The lists or outlines for Bible readings in the appendix are valuable and will result in increased Bible reading, which Mr. Moulton has done so much to promote. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.00 a copy.

"Theology at the Dawn of the Twentieth Century" consists of essays by leading men of all colors of thought and belief in America and Europe, edited by J. Vyrnwy Morgan, D. D. It is a book for the library and is of special value for reference, and represents its title fairly, giving two views on the leading

thoughts of the day. Higher Criticism is handled by Henry Preserved Smith and by Meredith O. Smith; Christian Science by Edward Kimball and W. H. P. Faunce, president of Brown University; Eschatology by Rev. H. O. Rowlands. All in all it is the most interesting summary of the theological thought of the day that I have seen. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.

"The New Epoch of Truth," by George A. Gordon, D. D., represents the conservative thought on higher criticism, the constructive rather than the destructive. Many believe that there is no difference between the two, but Dr. Gordon thinks that in the doctrine of evolution and in the higher criticism there is preparation for a more confident religious faith. He would thus become a defender of the faith, and however much one may differ, his sincerity should not be doubted. It remains to be seen whether the faith of the head or the faith of the heart will accomplish most in upholding the kingdom. But while we watch to see the outcome, it is only fair that the claims of the new school be examined carefully and prayerfully. Dr. Gordon sets them forth in a most scholarly manner. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, are the publishers; the price \$1.50.

Last winter the writer was in Boston one Sunday morning. First he entered the cathedral where Phillips Brooks had ministered to his flock. A half-hour silent prayer service was in progress. Men and women came in quietly and bowed their heads on the seats as if they were tired and wanted rest, and as they lingered there, an atmosphere of peace seemed to pervade the place. It was a most effectual service. More worship in it than in any service attended recently. This continual conversation until service commences, and taken up as soon as it ceases, and preach, preach, preaching all the time, with no time to think or pray, is very trying on those who have not found the privilege of quiet communion day by day. The spirit of the three-ring circus is getting into the church—continual performance to keep the attention of the people. From the prayer-service I crossed the street to hear Dr. Gordon. The attention of the audience was riveted on him, as he poured forth his scholarly thought. He was moving men by mind-power. And that is necessary. Many could not be moved otherwise. But isn't there a need of heart-power as well? I do not know enough of the church to say that it lacks in this regard. Then in the evening I went to hear George C. Lorimer at Tremont Temple. The thousand or more seats were filled a half hour before services commenced. He seemed to talk to the ear of the heart. His oratory convinced men. Paul was all things to all men. Possibly in the wisdom of God, Paul's successors are to be the same, that men might be saved. As for me I prefer to have thoughts come into my head through my heart.



HOW TO MAKE A WORKING CHURCH.

SUGGESTIVE HINTS, METHODS AND PLANS GATHERED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

Fifth Paper—Second Series.

[How a country pastor found spheres of labor in a rural charge and availed himself of various opportunities of usefulness is from the Christian Herald and is to my mind the best plan for the developing country or village districts that I have seen.—Ed.]

Many a village pastor has been discouraged when he has visited some great city and has observed the vast opportunities there are of reaching the masses. It has seemed to him that in his little village of two or three thousand population, there is little that he can do. The same faces look up to him in the pulpit every week, and there is no prospect before him of any change, save that the children grow up to young men and women, and the hair of the adults gets gray, and one after another the aged members go to the grave. It seems a dull life with no opportunity of doing great things for the Master. In the city there are thousands of men and women leading lives of practical heathenism. There is intellectual activity, and an eloquent and vigorous preacher may hope to draw large congregations and inaugurate and prosecute aggressive spiritual work. So the village pastor is liable to lose heart and enthusiasm and to seize eagerly the first opportunity that comes of quitting his country charge for work in a city.

The wisdom of such a course is doubtful at the best. It very often happens that there are opportunities within his reach in his country charge, that are more promising than any he will find in the city. There is oftentimes a more urgent need of work for Christ in the country than in the city, a greater density of unspirituality and a deplorable lack of effort. There are villages in which no service at all is held on the Lord's Day and where the residents would have to go several miles to find an open church or Sunday School. This is ominous, for the city is recruited from the country, and it is a terrible thing for the youth to go to the city and confront its temptations with no restraining influence in his heart, no knowledge of the Gospel in his

mind and no power, derived from his experience in the country, to keep him from falling under the glamor of the mirrored and gorgeously upholstered haunts of vice, with the gay company laughing and drinking and beckoning to him. The village pastor might so work for Christ, that every youth going to the city from his neighborhood might go up

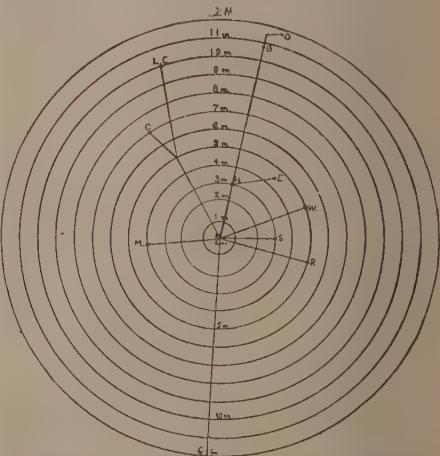


DIAGRAM OF AGGRESSIVE MISSIONARY WORK.

well equipped for the fight in which he must engage and thoroughly prepared to resist the evil—"to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand."

It is not long ago that a large, scattered community was mourning the unavoidable removal of a pastor from its village to the city, and there was such sincere regret for the loss of his services, such evident personal liking for the man, and so much regret that his influence and work must be transferred, that The Christian Herald thought that a brief story of what he had done and of the methods he adopted might be of service by way of suggestion and encouragement to other country pastors, and might lead to other communities being benefited.

This community had its center at Lowville, the county seat of Lewis County, N. Y., a village of about three thousand inhabitants. The Presbyterian Church there was to have a new pastor, and had invited Rev. Frederick Campbell, of Chicago. He accepted the invitation and settled down to his new charge with the determination to find out all the opportunities for service within his reach, and to fill them at any cost of energy and labor. The result, after some years of work, has been exceedingly gratifying and has abundantly repaid all the effort expended.

The church, when Mr. Campbell went there, contained 240 members. It had been seventy-five years in existence, and was very conservative in its methods. His first step was to consult the pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches on the possibility of extending Christian work. He learned that in the Black River region surrounding Lowville there were sections of rural communities utterly without the means of grace. Many of the people neither maintaining religious service in their own localities nor attending service in the churches nearest to them. In some instances there had been churches, in the past, but they had dwindled down to extinction. In one of them there had once been a wonderful work of grace under Rev. Daniel Nash, the "Father Nash" referred to in Finney's memoirs. Sunday Schools were also lacking, and there was little religious interest existing anywhere.

Mr. Campbell secured good maps of the neighborhood, showing all the country roads, the location of the farm houses, blacksmiths' shops, school houses and cheese factories, which were important, it being a dairy region. From these maps Mr. Campbell prepared a diagram, a copy of which is here given. Journeys were then planned in the directions marked. Before the close of that season five Sunday Schools were organized at distances varying from three to twelve miles from Lowville. To these a sixth was subsequently added. Mr. Campbell found ready co-operation in his efforts, and was glad to see that one of the six schools was organized independently of his own initiation.

The plan adopted was to go first to the school house and ascertain whether there would be any objection to organizing a Sunday School there. The consent of the trustees had to be secured and where the trustees were Roman Catholics, this was difficult if not impossible. If it was granted, and the good-will of the teacher secured, notice was given that a service would be held in the afternoon of the following Sunday. The next visit was generally to the cheese-maker, whose services in spreading the news of the effort were needed. Nearly all of the farmers in the neighborhood sent milk to the cheese-maker, so a word from him was the best kind of advertisement.

On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Campbell would generally find the school house filled with an interested and attentive audience to whom he would preach a Gospel sermon and sing Gospel hymns to familiar tunes. At the close he would suggest that a Sunday School be or-

ganized. The people were invited to speak frankly about it and after some talk it would be put to the vote. Invariably it was carried with practical unanimity, and then after a few remarks on the kind of people who make good officers, an election of superintendent, etc., would take place.

To show how this worked, let reference be made to the accompanying diagram. At H., a Sunday School was sustained and there was occasional preaching by ministers and laymen; the second year the services alternated between H. and E., two miles apart. At R., there was occasional preaching, besides Sunday School, and eventually regular weekly cottage prayer meetings. There had been no preaching at this point for twenty years. At W., a flourishing school was sustained both summer and winter, together with occasional preaching and excellent prayer meetings. At O., where there had been no preaching for thirty years, an excellent Sunday School was sustained, occasional preaching was enjoyed, Christian Endeavor prayer meeting maintained, and singing school established. At C., a point where hardly a dweller can be seen from the school house, Sunday School was maintained and occasional preaching was enjoyed. At C. L., on the edge of the Adirondack wilderness, Sunday School was maintained.

The seed having been sown through successive months, it was resolved to prove God and see if he would not open the windows of heaven and pour out a blessing. A layman having already held remarkably successful evangelistic services at C., it was determined to hold eight days' continuous and simultaneous meetings at H., W., R. and M. At the latter point nothing had been done, and there was absolutely no religious services of any kind, prayer and Bible reading being prohibited in the large day school. Six workers, given Sabbath the work was opened in all ministerial and lay, were chosen, and on a four places, continued through the nights of the week, and, where the interest was not great, closed the second Sabbath. The Spirit of God was manifestly present in each of these places, a large school house often proving inadequate to the numbers who attended; many were brought under conviction; a goodly number found peace in Christ; and village churches were strengthened by accessions. At M., dark as was the outlook at first, a regular prayer meeting was established and well sustained, coming under the care of the pastor of a church some miles distant.

But, while thus seeking to solve the problem of the country, that of the village was also resting on the pastor's soul. In Chicago, Mr. Campbell had employed out-door preaching with marked success, and he proceeded to put its usefulness to test in a village. The result amply justified the step. Evening congregations were assembled that would never have been seen in-doors, and among them it was frequent to identify individuals who had long, if not always, neglected the sanctuary. Music was given an important place, both instrumental and vocal, the choir singing their anthem as usual, unless special vocal talent were employed.

One more thing characterized this pastoral effort to reach the people in village and country; this was the constant watchfulness to manifest cordiality to all wherever and whenever met. The annual county fair brought in the entire rural population during four days, at which time the people were being sought out and greeted, wherever they could be recognized upon the fair grounds.

Happily, while this pastor has returned to city work, his successor, the Rev. Geo. B. Van Dyke, intends to follow up this line of work, and the result, in leavening the mass of both village and country, cannot be otherwise than blessed.

The Pastor in the Homes of His People.

By Rev. Austen T. Kempton, M. A., Fitchburg, Mass.

The old adage, "A home-going parson will make a church-going people," is not altogether out of style nor is it any less true than it ever was, even if some men are successful as pastors without it. My belief is, that they would have been a greater success if they had been more home-going.

The multitudinous interruptions and distractions of the busy pastor, and also of the parishioner, make it vastly more difficult than it has been before, for the pastor to find his way into the homes of the people. Many times when he will be able to go, he will find that they are away, or so occupied that it is impossible to make a call that will amount to anything. The pastor must go again. Possibly again, until he finally gets the opportunity that he has sought, but that has fled before him. When it is secured it will be worth something.

Then we must recognize another thing. The custom of asking the "Minister in to tea," has passed. For this our stomachs murmur many thanks, and there is too a valuable saving of time, but, we have lost something as well as gained. We have lost the entrance to that home that we once had, and we must make it up in some other way. No doubt the hand of the Lord is in even this. With the time we spent in close contact with one home, we ought to reach four or five. Let us then turn the change "in the tide of the affairs of men" to good account and quadruple our reaching power in the number of homes it is possible for us to enter.

The old-fashioned "Ministerial Call" has passed too. And in this case our long-suffering people have opportunity to grow thankful. Many of them modestly rise to their privilege, too. The stiff, formal, cold, professional call of the minister may have had its place; it certainly has its place now, but that place is in the remote past and not in the earnest, active present.

As to the time a pastor can spend in going into the homes, no rule can be set for all, but each one must determine for himself how much time he can possibly give to this branch of his work that will bring him such large return. If it is in the time of special revival interest, if he has noticed a growing coldness among his people, if his congregation is

growing thin and he stares helplessly at empty pews, let him take to the road, and step by step he will be able to greatly improve the situation.

Many men feel at such times that they have no time, taste or inclination to call, but we must often do the thing we do not feel like doing for the sake of the good that results from it. This is not a speedy means to accomplish great results, but it is safe and it is sure.

There are special times when it is very important and very beneficial for a pastor to go to the homes of the people. In times of religious awakening, he can do much to increase the interest, to develop the interest already awakened, and he can set many ideas and doubts straight. This call, like all the rest, need not be long, but many may be made in an afternoon. A good plan would be to get a conveyance for a part of the time and take in the calls that cover long distances. Some churches set apart a small amount of money for this purpose for their pastor. One Christian Endeavor society in my city pays for a carriage one afternoon a week for the pastor to use in calling on distant homes. The minister ought to go at this with a light foot and a light heart as the average physician does, and then he can skip from house to house and accomplish lots of good and not kill himself either. I have learned a great deal from watching how physicians do their calling. We ought to be experts in this art, too, as we have so much to do and so much depends often on a single call, certainly to that individual. For it is no small or trifling matter to anyone to have "the minister come to see them," though they may appear not to be affected by it any at the time. It will be remembered and appreciated far more than we have any idea of. In times of sorrow, of course, a minister will call. There is a need for a special kind of call. In sickness too a minister will be sent for, or go. I have a few suggestions on that in another paper. Then a minister ought to go and see people after they get well. A man said to me: "I suppose after I get well you will stop coming to see me and let me go on in my sinful life till I am sick again. That is the way ministers have done with me." Since then I take good care to follow up chances I get for a call through sickness. It is appreciated and productive of good. Now for the call itself. A minister ought to go into a home, first as a Christian friend. In order to be this he must be first of all a perfect gentleman. How much harm good, friendly, godly men have done by being a little too familiar in calling people by their first names, etc. There is a happy medium between this and the too stiff manner. It is golden when it is attained, too. If the minister enter the home in a friendly, pleasant, smiling way, the children that used to escape, and count themselves fortunate indeed, will gather around, and if he can win the hearts of those children, the citadel of that home has been taken. Extremes are always dangerous. Do not give all your time to the children. You have come for a pur-

pose. If you have not, ask the people's pardon for foolishly wasting their time and go home. Your purpose in this call was not to settle the weather or anything else that is none of your business, but to attend to the business you came for. Get at it. Do not be too abrupt, but get to business. You can't cover up the fact that you came on religious business, no matter how hard you try. Don't try. Usually I get nearly all the results in the first ten minutes of the call that I ever get. Some ministers are too heavy in their calling. They make hard work of it and also for those on whom they call. Get through and get out. It is good to have people say at the door, "You have not stayed half long enough." Then, too, if a minister goes from house to house and spends half an hour in desultory talking, the people will think, and not without some reason, that he does not have much else to do. More than one minister has "called" himself out of his church and did not know it. A good plan is always to seek to have just a word at least with the people about their religious life. They will have some question or help to ask if you give them a chance many a time. They do not feel like opening the subject, and reason that it is not their place. Make it your place. Then it is a good plan to have a word of prayer in the home if it is possible. A good deacon said to me, "My pastor often calls to see me and I enjoy his call, but he never mentions the subject of personal religion to me or has prayer in my home. In fact, no minister has ever prayed in my home except when there was a death, since I joined the church." That man was hungry for it and longed for it. He ought to have had his hunger fed. I happened to know the pastor, and he was a most happy man at calling and religious conversation, and so it was not the cross it is for some men to do it. As to the matter of prayer, I know by experience how wearing that is unless we all become experts in strength-saving, as we must become, to be the useful and efficient servants of God and of the people that we ought to be, and must be. Make very short prayers. Earnest, of course, but frequently not over a dozen sentences in length. Pray for just what you desire for that home and not for the universe. This will all come easier and better the more we do it. But let me urge on my brother minister to have prayer in the home.

We must, as ministers, live the strenuous life, as well as politicians. We will be honored by the people and blest of God if we do, too. So if the matter of calling is difficult for us, let us learn how to do it as best we can, with the greatest saving of strength possible, and the accomplishment of the greatest good.

Then, too, I would suggest a great deal of calling on the men. It will take good planning and many evenings that you could easily and profitably spend some other way, but see the men in their homes. It wins them. I never give an evening to calling on the men without getting results that were not possible in calling during the day. Make dates with men so they will be in their homes and look-

ing for you. There is a world of wisdom in this. Saves time, too. Do you know how you look and wait and expect a man that has made a date with you, even if you are fairly sure he is a book agent. There is strategy in it. Then try the factories and shops. I have had some experience in this kind of work too. There are some shops that will let ministers in and some will not. There are some shops that will let some ministers in and not others. Not from preference but because the minister did not know how to call on men. Don't visit them. Speak to each one and be sure and speak to them about religion. They expect it. Let me say this earnestly to you, my brother: Talk to those men about their souls. This is a case in point. Two ministers visited the same shop. The men were glad to see both. One man talked kindly and sweetly with the men about their need of Christ and the future. Once or twice he heard swearing and rebuked it in a gentle Christian way. They swore no more before him. He got hold of the men. The other minister went in and laughed and joked with them and forgot that he went in as a religious man. The men were profane before him and the superintendent said to the office clerk, when that man comes again you tell him he need not come any more. And to this day he does not know why he is kept out and the other minister goes in. There is a large lesson in that incident for us.

A pastor must have some hold on the home life of the people. It seems as though some of the city pastorates now are little more than lectureships. There is so little of the purely pastoral work that they do themselves. It is entrusted to another man. He will be the real pastor of that flock while the fluent and racy D. D. who stands in the pulpit will only be the preacher. Every minister ought to covet, and hold if he can, the sacred relation to his people that can only be developed by his going into their homes, the holy office of "shepherd of the flock of which God has made him overseer." The people hold him in higher reverence than he knows of, and children look up to him far more than he thinks, and his words have more weight than he supposes, and he has more influences than any one can measure or that can be seen in this present life. Seeing that this is so, "what manner of persons ought we to be in all holy conversation and godliness."

In some respects the power of the minister is waning, but not in the homes of the people to whom he goes as pastor and messenger of Christ. He may be at a discount in the pulpit as far as elocution or electro-cution is concerned, but at a premium when he has the hold on the home. It is a serious matter I know with some pastors how they can find time to get into the homes of the people. But let us hope that some of the other things will be allowed to suffer and not the home-going of the faithful, genial, helpful man of God, that people love to speak of as "My Pastor."

Some Practical Plans Successfully Used by Wide-Awake Churches.

The Christian Church of Bellaire, O., has adopted an admirable method for increasing interest in systematic and proportionate giving. It publishes in the church paper a complete table, giving in one column the list of causes to which contributions are asked, followed by a statement of various sums that might be contributed to each, from a cent a week up. Following each sum is a statement of what the total would be in the course of a year in each case, and what proportion that total would be of incomes ranging from \$30 a year to \$5,000. From this table a man that does not feel able to set apart a tenth of his income is shown just how to set apart a twentieth, or a fortieth, or a fiftieth. The theory is, that there is such a long step between the careless and ungenerous gifts of most Christians and the high standard of the tithe, that it is well worth while to interest people to give even as low a proportion as a fiftieth; and if they adopt any regular system at all, there is reasonable hope of working them up to a more generous and just proportion.

In the London church over which for the past four years Rev. G. Campbell Morgan has presided, no one is permitted to enter during prayers, singing, or Bible-reading, but the tardy ones must march up the aisle in the midst of an appalling silence. The result is most phenomenal punctuality. No hymns are announced, and even the Scripture reference is not announced, as it is printed on the day's order of service: Mr. Morgan is in the habit of conducting very blessed meetings which he calls "conferences on Christian life and service." They are like our Christian Endeavor question-box meetings, the queries being asked before-hand and also in the course of the meeting.

Dr. Hillis has inaugurated a new Sunday-evening plan. He holds a reception in the church parlors after the sermon, serving refreshments, and providing singing and social intercourse for the homeless young men of his congregation, and others that wish to remain. This plan will doubtless be criticized by some as tending to secularize the day, but we believe it is prompted by the spirit of Christ in Plymouth Church, leading it to put itself into sympathetic touch with those that need just such a friendly, brotherly touch as this.—Christian Endeavor World.

How to Raise Money for Missions.

By Rev. Dwight E. Potter, Oakland, Cal.

The following plan has accomplished so much for missions in our church I pass it on for the benefit of other pastors and for those who may be especially interested in thus extending the cause of Christ. A San Francisco friend offered to give \$400 to support a missionary one year provided our church would give \$400 to \$600 to support another for one year, both to be chosen and sent out under our

auspices. To accomplish this we started "The Missionary Substitute Company," and among other things announced:

"The object of this company is to obey our 'marching orders.' Christ wished the Gospel preached in all the world. He wishes it still. A friend offers \$400 to support one Missionary if we raise \$400 or \$600 for another, both to be ours—chosen by us, a part of us, our very own. They work while we sleep. Help us to select them and support them."

"The capital stock is 2,000 shares at 5 cents each per month. Would you really miss a stamp a day, or a car-fare a week? It would greatly help us. Our friend, known as 'Believer,' subscribes for 666 shares; the rest is for sale.

"Twelve dated envelopes will be given you.

"All shareholders vote on the use of the fund, choice of field, etc. Five cents or more a month makes you a shareholder. The Secretary and Auditing Committee will consider private all records of amounts given.

"This is independent of all other missionary Societies of the church, and is not to interfere with any of them.

"Will you not engage two names on the list—one for your friend? Settle the amount with the Lord, and become a witness for Christ by Substitute 'unto the uttermost.'

The result of one month's effort is tabulated as follows:

No. of shareholders.....	265
No. of shareholders not church members.....	125
No. shareholders church members.....	140
No. shareholders in Sunday school.....	110
Average shares per holder.....	4.45
Total shares taken.....	1,181
Amount pledged per month.....	\$59.05
Amount pledged per year.....	\$708.60

Since this report \$100 more has been pledged, making a grand total of over \$1,200, counting in the \$400 from our friend. This church has no rich members save as the Lord has entrusted them with "true riches." The substitute idea can be adapted to either native workers or missionaries and inasmuch as substitutes can be had at from \$12 per year for Bible women and from \$25 per year for native workers up to \$50, \$60 and \$100 for native pastors, it is believed that every believer, who really wants to, can become a witness, taking at least a share in some worker or missionary and that every church can have its own missionary.

A good plan is to form missionary circles of seven people, paying seven cents each per week. This will support a \$25 man. The circle pays 7 cents a day. He lives on that. You get his name and know of his work. He belongs to you every Sunday. Get a friend to assume him for Monday, etc., through the week each feeling that the worker is your very own for 7 cents one day in every week. 10 cents a week will be needed on some fields. This plan has been so successful among our people, its wide circulation will undoubtedly do much good. Every missionary who has gone abroad has been impressed with the value of native workers and it is to these we must look for the bringing in of the Master's Kingdom.

Ministerial Criticism and Suggestion.

WHAT IS A SERMON?

Is a sermon a performance, something rendered for the entertainment of an audience? Is a "preacher" one who places himself on exhibition, like an actor or a circus rider, for instance? Is a church building an amusement resort?

Our answer to each of these questions is an emphatic "no!" The edifice referred to is a house of worship. The people gather there, presumably, for prayer and praise; and, ere they retire, the minister, if he sees fit, avails himself of the opportunity of addressing them "in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." The words which he utters form what is called a sermon. And this sermon, from the very nature of the case, is not supposed to be entertaining.

People have a right to entertainment, but they have no right to demand it of the church. Let them go to the concert hall or to the theatre for their entertainment.—Lakewood, O., Parish Visitor.

BROAD PREACHING.

When a man's ministry gets so broad that it deals with everything in heaven and earth, and yet fails to quicken and stir the conscience of the people, it is too broad and too feeble to be of much value. We pity the preacher who is content simply to instruct and to please his auditors. What does he think he is sent to do? Has he lost the prophetic instinct out of his soul? Or did he never have it? In either case it is high time that he should awake to his folly. Above all things else, it is his business to call men from sin to righteousness, from the service of Satan to the services of the living God.—Christian Advocate.

A GREAT BATTLE.

The last issue of the British Weekly describes a sermon by a well known boanergian American preacher. It says:

"The Battle of Armageddon" was his subject, and on it he founded a strange and characteristic sermon. First he dashed through a long list of the other great battles of the world. The congregation listened in open eyed wonder, and a smile flicked on many faces as the sermon proceeded. He described the regiments which would be on the wrong side in the great final battle. He calculated that about sixteen hundred millions of evil spirits and evil beings would range themselves against the powers of good. "Some will be tangible and easily aimed at, others intangible." "We shall see them leap off the battlements of asbestos." Hundreds of millions were cheerily rolled off by the preacher. Perhaps the oddest piece of reckoning was the number of foes that could be slain by the angels. If one angel slew 185,000 in a single night, how many could five hundred million angels slay in a day? Time was not left us to enter upon this unprofitable calculation,

for the preacher passed on with lightning rapidity to describe the regiments of the various churches, and the numbers that would oppose them.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

He who substitutes popular lectures for gospel preaching in order to fill his church on Sabbath evenings, will find, sooner or later, that he is making a great mistake. If crowds come simply for entertainment, they will cease to come when entertainment is not provided. People who come from principle, or because they expect to receive good, may be depended on. It is not well to turn the pulpit into a lecture-platform, or the church into a concert-hall. Singing is good if it is worship, and preaching is good if it is the gospel, but neither one will do permanent good if it be such that God's Holy Spirit can not bless it to the salvation and the sanctification of souls.—Herald and Presbyter.

MAN AND HIS SHOES.

How much a man is like his shoes! For instance, both a sole may lose; Both have been tanned; both are made tight By cobblers; both get left and right; Both need a mate to be complete, And both are made to go on feet. They both need heelings, oft are sold, And both in time will turn to mold. With shoes the last is first; with men The first shall be the last. When The shoes wear out, they're mended new; When men wear out, they're men dead, too. They both are trod upon, and both Will tread on others nothing loath; Both have their ties, and both incline, When polished, in the world to shine; And both peg out. Now, would you choose To be a man, or to be his shoes? —Interior.

Two Things that a Card Index System is good for in a Church:

Church Membership Record Church Financial Record.

No pastor can conscientiously keep his membership record in a book after he has seen the Shaw-Walker Card System, which provides a card for each member, with space for calls and comments on spiritual welfare. Over 40 pastors wanted to know particulars when this system was mentioned in December Current Anecdotes. This system in operation is worth \$100 to a pastor coming to a new pastorate, and you will have less difficulty securing some one to take the portion of treasurer if your Church Financial Record is kept on the Shaw-Walker Card System. It saves money and mistakes, is kept with one-fourth the trouble of books. Cards are ruled for 52 weekly credits where envelope system is used.

A complete outfit for either Membership Record or Church Financial Record with 400 cards, cases and indexes complete, sent express prepaid for \$2.12, cash with your order.

Ask for Catalog and sample copy of *System*.

The Shaw-Walker Co., Muskegon, Mich.

Comments on a Great Book—Lives of Church Leaders.

“‘Lives of Church Leaders or Heroes of the Cross’ reads like a romance—indeed, it is a series of thrilling incidents from beginning to end, beginning with the early fathers, among them Polycarp, who sat at the feet of John, and closing with some of the missionary heroes of this century.”—R. M. Kurtz in the Union Gospel News.

“For years I have been looking for a book that would do what this book does—present in concise form, yet with historical accuracy, the important data concerning the religious leaders of the world.”—Rev. Geo. C. Demett, West Winfield, N. Y.

“Twenty-five dollars would not tempt me to sell it if I could not replace it.”—W. H. Wilson, Pastor Baptist Church, Dresden, O.

“You have conferred a boon upon many by placing it in their reach.”—E. A. McPhee, Argyle, N. S.

“The Changing View-point in Religious Thought,” by Henry Colestock, published by E. B. Treat & Co., New York, is interesting and valuable as well as conservative. It will not meet the views of every one today as its views are changing, but it points out some errors in the treatment of Christian experience. Some of the chapters have appeared as articles in the Treasury the Baptist Outlook, and The Standard. The book will stir up the faith in many and reduce the inflexibility of others.

Dr. H. K. Carroll, a recognized authority on denominational statistics, makes the net gain of communicants, the country over, in 1900, as 364,846, of which the Methodists are credited with 106,472, the Catholics with 80,432, the Lutherans with 62,269, the Baptists with 32,439, the Disciples of Christ with 31,586, Presbyterians with 22,194, Protestant Episcopalians with 17,296, and Congregationalists with only 1,489.—Ram’s Horn.

“Upward Steps,” by Gerard B. F. Halleck, D. D., Rochester, N. Y., author of “The Psalm of Shepherdly Love,” “A Square Man,” etc. Cloth. 229 pages.

An introduction to this work was written by Theodore Cuyler, D. D., in which he commends it highly. The book also contains a series of twenty-two articles explanatory and descriptive of the Christian life and service. The book will prove a safe and precious guide to every Christian pilgrim, and even more useful to the Christian minister in helping others to climb the hill of life which leads to the Celestial City.

“Old Documents and the New Bible,” is as interesting as “How we got our Bible,” by the same author, J. Paterson Smyth, both published by James Pott & Co., New York. It furnishes, as the sub-title indicates, an easy lesson in biblical criticism. Chapter 2, book III is worth the price of the book, explaining authority of marginal reading. You will enjoy it thoroughly.

LIGHTING.

Something of an innovation in the line of lighting large church auditoriums is shown in the lighting of the new Second Church of Christ, Scientist, Central Park West, New York, a very fine edifice recently completed, which is beautifully lighted by a system of concealed reflectors placed in cornices in ceiling, so graduated that a powerful but even and decidedly agreeable light is thrown over the whole auditorium, the source of the light itself being concealed from the eye. The effect produced is very fine indeed, and commends itself to any one studying the problem of successfully lighting a large auditorium, or any beautifully decorated interior or painted ceiling. I. P. Frink, 551 Pearl street, New York, is the originator of this effective method of lighting, and his wide experience in all matters of lighting enables him to successfully handle any lighting problem that may be presented to him.

TROUBLES OF A SALOON KEEPER.

Suitable for reading in connection with a temperance sermon.

Last nite we wuz all sitting comfable in Bascum’s. It wuz a delightful evening we wuz a spending. The nite was cold and chill, and the wind wuz whistlin’ drearily through the dark, but the cheelisnis uv the weather outside only made it better for us. The stove wuz full uv wood and red hot on top, diffusin’ heat, which is life, and Bascum, yielding to the seductive infloences uv comfort that wuz in the place, hed hot water on the stove, and Mrs. Bascum mixed with her fair hande the hot punches which ever and anon we ordered.

“Wat a happy life yoors is, Bascum!” sed Kernal M’Pelter.

“Happy!” remarkt Issaker Gavitt, “ I shood say so. Nuthin’ to do but sell liker at a profit of 200 per cent. and every customer you git ded shoer for life.”

“Gentlemen,” sed Bascum, onbending, for he wuz drinking hot whiskey too, “there is advantages in running a wet grocery but it has its drorbax. It is troo that there is 200 per cent. profit, or would be ef you get paid for it. A ingenious youth comes to my bar, which hez a small farm, and he gets, to takin’ his sustenence. That wood be all rite for me ef he cood only take his sustenence and take care of his farm at the same time. But he don’t, and whenever the necessity uv taking sustenence begins to be regler, jest when he mite be uv the most yoose to me, I have notisther wuz alluz a fallin’ off in his corn crop. Corn won’t grow onless you plant it, hoe and tend it; and a man which becomes a regler customer uv mine don’t plant, hoe and tend to advantage.

“Then, not hevign corn to sell he can’t pay for liker, and ez he must have it he goes tick, and finally mortgages his place. Troo, I aluz git the place, but it wood do better for me ef he cood keep on working it, spending the proceeds at my bar. There is very few men wich ken do this.

“And then deth is another drorbax to my biznis. Ef a man cood only drink regler and live to be 70 it wood be wuth while. But

they don't do it. They are cut off by the croel hand of deth jist when they git to be yoosful to me. This one goes uv liver disease, tother one uv kidney trouble, rhoamatism sets in and knocks one uv 'em off his pins, softenin' uv the branc kills another—"

Joe Bigler, who jist dropped in, doubted the last disease. "No man wich had a brane to soften wood tetch the stuff," said he.

"And then," contynyood Bascum, "ther is chronic stomach complaint, and ef one uv 'em gets hurt he never gits over it, and then bronkeetis comes in on 'em, and dyspepsy—wat good is a man for work wich hez dyspepsy—and there are so many diseases that hits the man which takes hizzen reglerly, that they die altogether too early. Them ez holds on can't work after a certain time, and them as don't have the constooshin to hold on persish like the lilies of the valley, jist when they git regler enuff to be profitable.

"And then other trubbles interferes with me. When a noo man gits too full he quarrels and comes to an end from injoodishuinis. I have been in this room 25 years, and I hev seen mor'n a dozen uv my best customers, some of 'em wuth two dollars a day to me, stretched out on the floor with bullet holes or knife wounds into 'em. It was a hard blow when Bill Rutledge wuz killed rite where Deerskin is sittin'. He spent on an average uv \$4 a day with me, and he wuz snuffed out in a minit. And then they hung Sam Kitridge wat shot him, and ther wuz another uv aboot the same. Both on 'em, had they lived, wood hev bin my meat for years, for they wuz both strong men and cood have endoored a pile uv it.

"Ther are other trubbles. It is not pleasant to hev men inflamed with liker beatin' each other over the heds with bottles and tumblers, for it destroys glassware, and furnitoor is apt to be broken. I have often wished I hed a kind of whiskey wich didn't make maniacs uv them wich drink it, but I never saw any of that kind. I have often seen a dozen rollin' on the floor tu wunst, and when they come to draw pistols and shooting permiskus, it ain't pleasant nor profitable. I hev had pistol balls after goin thro' a man, smash bottles in the bar, and how are you goin' to tell whose pistol did the damage?

"Besides these drorbax, comes sich ez yoo. Wat yoose are you to me? It's 'Bascum, a little old rye strate,' and after my good liker is gone, comes the everlastin' remark, 'Jist put it down.' That's the disgustin' part uv it. Ef you cood work and ern 'suthin', and pay cash ther wood be suthin' in the biznes, but yoo don't.

"To make the s'loon biznis wat it ought to be I want a noo race uv men. I wan't a set of customers with glass-lined stumicks backt up with fire brick. I want a lot uv men with heds so constructed that they kin go to bed drunk and wake up in the mornin' and go about their work. I want a set of customers with stumicks and heds so constructed that liker won't kill 'em jist ez soon ez it becomes a necessity to 'em. However I manage to get on. There ain't no rose without a thorn."

—Nasby.

Restores Eyesight.

"Actina," a Wonderful Discovery Which Cures Diseased Eyes, No Matter Whether Chronic or Acute, Without Cutting or Drugging.

THE SECRET REVEALED.

There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for any form of disease, for a new system of treating difficulties of the eye has been discovered whereby all torturous and barbarous methods are eliminated. This wonderful treatment takes the form of a Pocket battery and is known as "ACTINA." It is purely a home treatment and self-administered by the patient. There is no risk of experimenting, as thousands of people have been cured of blindness, failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye through this grand discovery, when eminent



oculists termed the cases incurable. This wonderful remedy also makes the use of spectacles unnecessary, as it not only removes the weakened and unnatural conditions of the eye, but gives it a clear vision. J. N. Horne, Waycross, Ga., writes: "My eyes have been wonderfully benefited by Actina." W. R. Owens, Adrian, Mo., writes: "Actina saved me from going blind." R. J. Reid, St. Augustine, Fla., writes: "Actina removed a cataract from my son's eye." Robert Baker, 80 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I should have been blind had I not used 'Actina.'" A party of prominent citizens have organized in a company known as the New York & London Electric Association, and they have given this method so thorough a test on hundreds of cases pronounced incurable and hopeless that they now positively assure a cure. They have bought all American and European rights for this wonderful invention. Actina is sent on approval postpaid. If you will send your name and address to the New York and London Electric Association, 929 Walnut st., Dept. V., Kansas City, Mo., you will receive absolutely free, a valuable book, Prof. Wilson's treatise on the Eye and its diseases; also on diseases in general, and you can rest assured that your eyesight and hearing will be restored, no matter how many doctors failed.

BANKS' SERMONS.

Vol. II.

INCORPORATED WITH CURRENT ANECDOTES.

No. 8.

✓ Children's Rights.

"Do not sin against the child."—Genesis 42: 22. ✓

Kate Douglas Wiggin, whose book has suggested to me this discourse, says that when she began to talk and write about this subject, she concluded to try it on certain types of people and see how they took it. She first interviewed the man who washed her windows.

INDULGENCES AND RIGHTS.

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"Dennis," she said, "I am writing an article on the 'Rights of Children.' What do you think about it?" Dennis scratched his head a moment, as if badly put to it for an answer, but finally replied, "What do I think about it, mum? Why, I think we'd ought to giv'm to'm. But Lor', mum, if we don't, they take 'em, so what's the odds?"

She next approached her French dressmaker, and propounded the same question to her, while that industrious woman was fitting a collar on her neck.

"The rights of the child, madam?" she asked, her scissors poised in the air.

"Yes, the rights of the child."

"Is it of the American child, madam?"

"Yes, of the American child."

"Mon Dieu! He has them!"

Now both of these incidents suggest the fact that there are a large number of people who mistake indulgences for rights. It is one thing to receive great grants of self-indulgence by fits and starts and quite another thing to receive intelligent justice all the time. Multitudes of people who are bringing up children fairly wallow every once in a while in puddles of parental affection, but never recognize intelligently the rights of their children.

Very briefly, let us study a few of these rights. First, then, a child has the right to grow—to grow naturally and genuinely, as a plant or a tree grows. No child can have a really happy childhood without this natural and simple growth, and to give a child happiness of the true sort is a great thing. The brilliant and witty Sidney Smith once said: "If you make children happy now, you will make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it;" and many of us are grateful examples of the truth of that statement. A child, to grow naturally, must not be hurried out of its childhood. Some people do not seem to know what growth means. There is a difference between growing and swelling. Little Mary came down one morning, and said, "Oh, mother, I've grown so big in the night! Just look at my face and neck." But that was not growing. Her face was swollen with the mumps. After a while the swelling went down, and Mary was thinner and more peaked than ever. We must all beware, in dealing with children, lest they swell instead of grow. Pride and self-will, and many precocious, affected ways, are exhibitions of swelling, not growing. Children are often pushed along in a hot-house way, in the matter of their clothing, so as to take all simplicity and happiness out of their lives.

SHOW CHILDREN.

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A lady was visiting in a certain home where a little girl was daily tortured by her ambitious mother, who was trying to make a "woman" out of her. She was compelled to wear clothing that it was an anguish to get on and off. One evening the visitor heard the little victim groan to her nurse, as she wriggled her little curly head out of the gown, "Oh! only God knows how I hate gettin' peeled out o' this dress!" A child so treated is often only a little pet, very much like the pet dog that is trained to jump through the hoop, or roll over, or go to sleep, or say its prayers for a lump of sugar. It is a show creature, and the people who bring up such children are sinning against immortal beings in a way that ought to make the world weep.

Children have a right to originality. They ought to be encouraged to ask questions and pursue investigation into the facts of the world about them. It is a shame to rub out a child's interrogation points until he gets to be such a little mummy that he quits asking questions. There are multitudes of grown-up people about us who find it utterly impossible to talk about anything in society except the weather, or the personal gossip of their set, who were made so by their parents through their perpetually shutting up and crowding under the hatches the early and original questioning of their fresh young minds. The dull and monotonous bores of social life are a visitation for the sins against the child. If you want a brilliant, original, imaginative, sparkling man or woman, whose conversation shall be charming, elevating and delightful, you must begin to create such a personality in childhood by encouraging the romantic and genuine questionings of the mind and heart.

A man who undertook to write a biography of a great man some time ago, complained that in conferring with large numbers of friends of the distinguished man he was astonished to find the utter lack on their part of memory of interesting and picturesque incidents connected with the man, who had himself been a very strong and rugged and intensely alive

personality. Summing up his remarks on the subject, he said, "What is the use of trying to write a biography with such mummies for witnesses! They would have seen just as much if they had had nothing but glass eyes in their heads."

But how can you expect anything else of people, when, during the fresh growing years of childhood, they are met at every question with "Don't mind," and "Don't bother me now," and "Do stop such foolish questions!" and kindred expressions that are forever shoved down over their heads as a lamp extinguisher is over a light which one desires to put out. Their originality is extinguished in the same way, and then we wonder why it does not burn in later life. Now and then we see a child brought up in a different way, and how different is the result! What a gold' mine, for example, for a historical writer or a biographer, is growing in a little boy who was asked by his teacher to describe a bat. The reply was: "He's a nasty little mouse, with injy-rubber wings, and shoe-string tail, and bites like the devil." The more you study that definition, the more certain you will be that the boy's imagination had not been dwarfed.

A child has a right to loving discipline. Children cannot be sinned against more grievously than to permit them to grow up to manhood or womanhood without learning to obey.

"MINDING" CHILDREN.

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A lady once advertised in a New York City paper for a German governess "to mind a little girl three years old." The error here, no doubt, was in the English and not in the purpose, but there are many homes where it could be taken literally. Strong self-controlling men and women are never produced except through wise and loving discipline. An ignorant negro was once overheard in his prayers to say: "Let me so lib dat when I die I may hab manners, dat I may know what to say when I see my heabenly Lord!" If men and women are to have good manners, taking that word in the noble sense, they must acquire them through discipline as they pass through childhood.

The emphasis needs to be put on the fact that the discipline must be loving. A child who obeys the parent only because he fears punishment is simply a slave, cowering under the lash of what he feels to be a tyrant. Children are sometimes driven into being cowards and liars through fear, but such a feeling will never be aroused in a child where intelligent love guides the discipline. We cannot, as parents or teachers, put from us our responsibility to develop in children the power to govern themselves. Parents never make a greater mistake than to imagine that they run the risk of losing the love of their children by holding them closely to obedience to right control. Somebody has well said, "Children never love those who spoil them."

COMPELLING OBEDIENCE.

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A friend of mine, a wise woman who has successfully brought up a large family who are proving to be helpers in the world, and a family who are devotedly loyal to their mother, told me this incident about one of her boys. She said one day when he was small he climbed up on a large box in the room to play. She told him to get down, as he was in danger of falling off and hurting himself. But he plead with her so hard, that, against her better judgment, she let him continue to play there. Sure enough, after a little, the boy became absorbed in his play and came tumbling over backwards on to the floor, striking on the back of his head, and getting a very severe hurt. As soon as he could make himself intelligible through his tears and cries, he exclaimed, very reproachfully: "You ought not to have let me stay on that box! You should have made me get down!" The mother said, "That was a good lesson to me, and in later years I often reminded my boy of it in more serious matters." Many a man is in the penitentiary, and many a woman has made shipwreck of life, because a fond but unwise parent sinned against them in their childhood by permitting them to grow up without learning the greatest lesson of life—obedience.

Children have a right to a simple, straightforward, wholesome Christianity. It ought to be as natural as is the love between father and mother and the children. When it is so, religion, gentle, all-pervading, all-comforting, is the very atmosphere the child breathes. Such children grow up in the kingdom of Heaven, to be pillars for righteousness, wherever they may dwell. There ought never to be a home where childhood is being developed without the worship of God being as open and regular as the manifestation of paternal sympathy and love. The religious nature must be fed just as the physical and intellectual life is nourished. Family worship, of some simple and sweet kind, ought to be a part of the day's round in every Christian home. No wonder we grow material and worldly if we devote ourselves only to worldly and material things and give the spiritual in our natures no chance to express itself. Our lives will be dominated by spirituality when every day is dominated by sincere and loving worship of God and humble faith in divine guidance. Much depends on the minister, vastly important is the Sunday-school teacher, of large interest is the teacher in the public school and the college; but after all the human destiny, for time and eternity, is more largely determined in the home and by the spirit which controls there than anywhere else.

I never speak on Children's Day but my heart goes out in sympathy and fellowship with those who have had loaned to them little visitors from the sky who have soon been chilled by the air of earth and have flown away again to be with God. It is hard many times to sit with empty arms and aching hearts while others talk of the responsibilities and

hopes and blessings which their children bring. And there are others of us, who still have arrows in our quiver at home, who have lost out of our flock for a little while one or more that were very dear to us and who are always in our memory and in our hearts in times like this. I think it ought to comfort us to know that the good God who loaned them to us for a while, and then in His loving wisdom called them back again to the Heavenly Home, watches over them, and keeps them safely and happily against the day when we shall see them again. The sweetest word of comfort I have seen for a long time for such a loss is a little poem written by Gertrude Curtiss, who sings:

LAMBS OF THE HEAVENLY FOLD.

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There is many a weary, footsore lamb
That no tender arms enfold;
But forever at rest
On the Shepherd's breast
Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.

There are many evils lurking without,
There are dangers of which we are told;
But safe from all harm
And free from alarm
Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.

There are storms for those on the mountain
side
There is snow and bitter cold;
But safe and warm
And sheltered from the storm
Are our wee white lambs in the Fold.

There is many a lamb that has gone astray,
There are wanderers young and old;
But pure and sweet,
At the Shepherd's feet
Lie our wee white lambs in the Fold.

O hearts that are mourning a little one gone,
That are longing its face to behold,
Thank God for the care
That protects them there,—
The wee white lambs in the Fold.

✓ The Child and the Serpent.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—Genesis 3: 15. ✓

Sunshine and shadow chase each other in the Bible, as they do in real life. In the same chapter, and, indeed, in the same paragraph which tells of man's doom and loss because of sin, we have the promise of the struggle for his salvation. One can lose in a moment what it may take a long time to regain. John Muir tells how he once climbed all day long to get to the top of a mountain canyon, after a California storm, and just as he reached the brow of the mountain he started an avalanche that in less than two minutes swept him back over all the space he had climbed. The struggles of civilization and human improvement in all quarters of the earth are a part of that long fight with the serpent which began with the annunciation of this text. God is seeking to build up character in us. Sometimes we are tempted to think that the improvement in mechanical inventions, and the increasing power over nature because of them, is taking away the value of individuality in men. But in the recent war between Spain and the United States we had abundant illustration of the mistake of this idea. Personal character never counted for so much as now.

MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

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An English writer recording the destruction of Cervera's fleet off Santiago, declares it was one of the most extraordinary sea fights in history. He says the fleets were not so very unevenly matched. The Spaniards were a fast, well-found lot of modern construction, and heavily armed. Yet they did no damage to speak of. In the fleet were two torpedo destroyers, very fast, very modern, very destructive boats. Yet both these were sunk by a converted pleasure yacht. It was all strangely inexplicable, a complete puzzle to scientific experts. But there is one element, says this critic, in naval warfare, which these experts had failed to reckon in their calculations, and that unreckoned element won the battle of Santiago;—the men. With all the changes that science has introduced into warfare, people were beginning to think that the men did not count. But the Spanish-American war taught us that the individual man counts for more than he ever did before. The one thing the Spanish navy lacked was men. They had good ships and good guns, but that priest-ridden, bull-fighting race, loaded down with ignorance and superstition, in a land without Bibles and free schools, has ceased to produce, if it ever did produce, the sturdy sons that America boasts. That, and that only, declares this English critic, explains Santiago; and I do not doubt he is right.

In our time, when people do business in multitudes, when the air is full of talk about trusts, and corporations, and unions, and leagues, it is easy to lose sight of the great importance of individual character; but that is really the only greatly important thing about us. No polish, no culture, no wealth, no seeming success can take the place of a strong, noble, pure manhood. And no lack of these things, so desirable as accessories and environment can rob real character of its triumph.

EMERSON'S NOBILITY OF THOUGHT.

James Russell Lowell brings this out in a description of one of Emerson's addresses to which he had been listening. He said of it, a few days later: "Emerson's oration was more disjointed than usual, even with him. It began nowhere and ended everywhere; and yet, as always, with that divine man, it left you feeling that something beautiful had passed that way, something more beautiful than anything else, like the rising and setting of stars. Every possible criticism might have been made on it, except that it was not noble. There was a tone in it that awakened all elevating associations. He boggled, he lost his place, he had to put on his glasses; but it was as if a creature from some fairer world had lost his way in our fogs, and it was our fault and not his. It was chaotic, but it was all such stuff as stars are made of, and you could not help feeling that if you waited awhile, all that was nebulous would be hurled into planets and would assume the mathematical gravity of system. All through it, I felt something in me that cried, 'Ha, ha!' to the sound of trumpets." What a beautiful tribute to the strength and beauty of a great soul! A noble, pure man, whose personality was greater than his message.

God is seeking to build up a great character in each one of us. He has put enmity between us and the evil one. Jesus Christ, who came as our Champion, and whose "heel" was wounded in his crucifixion and death on our behalf, has the power to bruise the "head" of the serpent who seeks our overthrow and destruction. Satan is a defeated enemy to all those who fight under the leadership of Jesus Christ.

In which army do you count yourself? This enmity between the spirit of Christ and the spirit of evil is everywhere dividing men and women asunder, and Christ tells us that no one can be neutral in this war. We are either for him or against him. He is making his appeal to the chivalry of the race, asking us to become good soldiers for his cause.

SOLDIER OF THE KING.

An interesting story is told of Johann Nass, who preached the Gospel to the people of Germantown, Pennsylvania, over a hundred and fifty years ago. In those troublous times his life was an eventful one. On one occasion he was travelling and preaching in the Fatherland. It was at the time when the caprice of Emperor Frederick William for a regiment composed of giants had obtained world-wide renown. No expense, in money, fraud, or intrigue, was spared to obtain gigantic men. Johann Nass was a veritable Saul, standing head and shoulders above his fellows. The king's officers asked him to become a soldier. This he firmly refused to do, as he felt called to preach the Gospel. They proceeded to torture him, but without any effect. As a last resort they took him before the king.

"Sire," said the captain, "this man absolutely refuses to enlist in your service. We have brought him in to you to dispose of according to the will of your Majesty."

The king scrutinized the prisoner very closely, then, addressing him, said: "You would make a very desirable soldier. Tell me why will you not enlist?"

"Craving forgiveness of your Majesty," was the reply, "I have long ago placed my name upon the noblest and best of enrollments, and I would not—indeed, could not—become a traitor to Him. Therefore, I cannot enter thy service."

"To whom do you belong? Who is your captain?" queried the astonished king.

"My captain," said he, "is the great Prince Emmanuel, our Lord Jesus Christ. I have espoused his cause, and, your Majesty, I cannot and will not forsake him."

"Neither will I that you shall forsake him," answered the king.

Being thus dismissed in safety, the historian says, "Johann Nass was exceeding glad, and preached mightily in those parts."

That is the spirit of fidelity which tells for Christ today. Such soldiers of Christ laugh at difficulties and find joy in the midst of the severest trials. Those to whom the Christian life is heavy and chafing are those who do not abandon themselves in complete self-sacrifice to the fight against sin. It is the half-hearted soldier who is never happy. An undivided loyalty feeds its own courage from inexhaustible resources.

Some are not conscious of this great struggle which is going on between good and evil, because they have given up the fight and are led captive by the evil one. They do not appreciate the fearful loss which sin is entailing upon them. How many times I have seen men and women who had gone on indifferent to Christ, and to his appeal for their love and support, until some sudden ravage of sin brought them into such open sorrow and terror that it was as if a precipice had yawned at their feet. But the precipice was there all the time, though they knew it not. The New Testament speaks of being "convicted of sin," which means a time when the Holy Spirit arouses a man to the consciousness of the power which Satan has come to have over him, and awakens him to an appreciation of the misery and doom which sin will certainly bring upon the soul. But many are losing the battle of life without knowing it.

LOSS OF CHILDREN.

There is a little story of a mother who had only one child, a son, and who lost him through an accident by drowning when he was seventeen. His body was washed out to sea, and was never recovered. She very much wanted a portrait of him, and she called

upon a famous artist, who was a friend of the family, to reproduce the boy's face and form. He asked for every photograph she had of her son from babyhood onward.

When the painting arrived, it represented a glade in the woods. Playing about were five little children of various ages—but all the same boy, as his mother had known him. Coming down the center, joyous, gay, was the seventeen-year-old lad, leading by the hand his baby self of one year.

The mother looked at the picture, and suddenly burst into tears. "I have lost seven sons!" she said.

"You had lost six of them before your son died," the artist replied. And yet that loss the mother had never felt, though it was such a loss as could never be made good.

But are there not some who hear me who are losing daily the most priceless treasure? If you run back in your memory you will recall yourself when your heart was tender and sympathetic toward Christ and when your conscience was sensitive to the slightest touch of evil. But little by little, as you have yielded to the temptations to sin, your conscience has hardened and your indifference, your selfishness, your sin, has separated between you and God. You are like a man who sleeps at his post while the outflowing tide drifts him ever farther out to sea. Would to God I had the power to arouse you to see your danger before it is too late!

Some men and women cling to the lower life of the flesh because sin has wounded them in their affections and appetites until pure and holy things do not attract them.

HEAVEN.

283
There is an old fable of the swan, which is a sacred bird in India. The fable runs that one of these birds came down to the shore one day where a crane was feeding. This bird had never seen a swan before, and asked him where he came from. "I came from Heaven," said the swan. Then said the crane, "I never heard of such a place. Where is it?" "Far away; far better than this place," said the swan. The old crane listened to the swan, and at last said, "Are there snails there?" The swan drew itself up with indignation. "Well," said the crane, "you can have your own heaven, then, I want snails."

There is much truth wrapped up in that fable. One man says, "Heaven may be glorious, but is there whiskey there? Then, I'll have the whiskey and let the heaven go." Others say, "Is there gambling there? Are there pleasures of the flesh there? We want snails." But when men and women see with clear eyes the beauty of the Christian life and turn to Christ with repentance and faith, they lose the crane nature and get the swan nature, and immediately develop a taste and an appetite for heavenly things, so that instead of having to give up a great deal for Christ they find that becoming a Christian is leaving poverty to enter upon great riches of enjoyment. As Paul said, the man who accepts Christ finds that "Old things are passed away; behold all things are become new." Let Christ bruise the head of the serpent in your nature, and you will get the victory over evil longings and desires. Nothing is sadder than to see people living such poor lives when their own consciences tell them they ought to live so much grander and nobler in every way.

DOING OUR BEST.

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A gentleman came out of a hotel recently whistling quite low. A little boy playing in the yard heard him, and said: "Is that the best you can whistle?" "No," said the gentleman. "Can you beat it?" The boy said he could, and the gentleman said: "Well, let's hear you." The little fellow began to whistle, and then insisted that the man should try again. He did so, and the boy acknowledged that it was good whistling, but as he started away the little fellow said: "Well, if you can whistle better, what were you whistling that way for?"

My friends, you whom God calls to live the life of the Son of God, why not do it? Why live a life so utterly unsatisfactory to yourself, so far below your possibilities, so far below the splendid ideal which is set before you? If you will rouse up now to live this higher life all the power of heaven is yours for the asking.

The Liberty to Do Wrong.

"I proclaim a liberty for you, saith the Lord, to the sword, to the pestilence, and to the famine."—Jeremiah 34: 17.

The irony of this text is terrible. These people had sinned against God. They had promised to serve Him by giving liberty to their slaves; but they had broken their vows, having concluded that the command of God was too rigorous, and that, instead of giving freedom to their bond servants, they would give themselves liberty from obedience to the Divine commandment. The result was, that God sent his brave prophet to tell them that they should have liberty, but it would be a kind of liberty that they would not enjoy. They had seized the liberty to sin, and the punishment would be liberty to perish by the sword, and the pestilence, and the famine.

We have suggested here a very important and sadly interesting theme. It is also a timely theme, for this is the day in which men are talking much about breaking away from the laws of God. Even men who claim to be leaders in social and religious reform are proposing to reform the world by giving themselves and it liberty from those great fundamental laws of God on which the safety and nobility of human character and life lie.

always depended. There seems to be in the air a vicious outbreak against all law. The cry for liberty which has often been so noble and so holy is in our time used for the basest and most ignoble purposes. We can see illustrations of this rebellious spirit against law in the way in which such institutions as the liquor saloon and its nefarious brood, the gambling hell and the brothel, defy the law in our large towns and cities. And these institutions which prey upon the life of the community, sucking the blood out of the veins of society, are able in many ways to defy law and to bring righteous laws into contempt because there appears to be a growing spirit of anarchy and lawlessness in circles which ought to be wiser. We ought to learn from history that nothing is so dangerous to the rights of the people as a prevailing spirit of lawlessness. The law is the fortress of the people's liberties. Especially is that true in our own land, where the laws are made by the people, and only disaster and ruin can come from a giving way to lawlessness.

We may see another illustration in such cases as Professor Herron and other would-be reformers, who propose to abrogate the laws of the Bible and of Jesus Christ in regard to marriage and the family. The long catalogue of divorce cases is constantly augmented by the agitation and discussion which increases this spirit of social unrest and constantly dulls the sense of moral responsibility. Every inroad that is made into the sacredness and stability of the marriage tie and of the family life, is in the direction of license and lawlessness which can carry only disaster in its train. The man who demands the liberty to do wrong is sure to get the worst of it in the end. The old declaration of the Apostle Paul, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," was the utterance of a great truth which is just as vitally true today as it has ever been. The laboring men who help on the revolt against Sunday laws, which would insure a day of rest and genuine recreation, only hasten a liberty which means slavery. It can only end in the liberty for the laborer to work seven days in the week and become but a cog in the wheel of unbroken toil. All history shows that Sunday desecration and the defiance of law which breaks down Sunday protection soon ends in a Sunday of work for the laboring people. So it is true that a breaking away from the laws which protect and make sacred the family life lead to degradation, physical, social and moral. The liberty to do wrong always falls with terrific force in punishment on the wrongdoer.

But my purpose is rather to emphasize the great lesson of the text in its relation to the personal character of the individual. Man is a free-will agent. He may choose his career. He may use his liberty to do right, or, as a horse mad at the restrictions of his harness or his load, seizes the bit between his teeth and dashes down the crowded street spreading alarm and disaster in his path, so a man may seize the liberty to do wrong and for the time defy the laws of God and man. But it always means ruin.

TWO KINDS OF KEYS.

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Dr. W. L. Watkinson tells how he was once conducted through a large prison. The jailer had a great many keys, and every little way there was an iron gate in the path, every few steps were locks, bolts and bars; dim corridors, grim cells, frowning gratings, suggesting the dreary treadmill in which the prisoners lived. It was a painful tour, with no sense of liberty, only an overwhelming sense of law. The prisoners had defied the laws and seized the liberty to break them, and in so doing they had plunged themselves into the liberty of this prison-house. From the jail Dr. Watkinson went to see the conservatories of a very wealthy man, and he was interested to notice that this lover of flowers and plants carried as many keys as the jailer, and at every few steps was unlocking and locking doors. But the consciousness of the visitors was entirely different. Each new scene into which they entered was a chamber of beauty. Now it was a cool fernery, full of delicate forms; now a house of stately palms; now it was a crystal palace of roses or passion flowers; now it was a choice shrine of wonderful orchids; now an orangery; now a viney, gorgeous with purple and golden clusters. It was all loveliness, fragrance, and delight. This time the keys were golden; they made music as they turned. Whenever a door was unlocked it was to make that realm of glory secure. The jailer with his keys seemed like some horrid specter. The gardener with his keys appeared like an angel of Paradise. There could not be a better illustration of our theme. Obey God's law, and his statutes become a delight; they blossom into beauty and fragrance. The Sabbath becomes the parlor day of civilization, into which all beautiful and holy things are gathered, when men and women wait upon it with holy reverence. The laws of marriage and the family produce the sweetest picture of heaven that the human mind can conceive and the human heart can cherish when obeyed with loving fidelity. The laws of the human body obeyed mean health and strength, guaranteeing clearness of mental perception. The laws of the heart and life obeyed mean pure thoughts, wholesome imaginations, happy memories, peaceful meditations, hopeful inspiration for the future. God's law obeyed in childhood means a happy and vigorous youth. The divine laws obeyed in youth mean a strong and splendid manhood. Obedience to God's will in manhood means an old age glorified by memories of good deeds, of faithful services rendered, and holy friendships formed; and such an old age gives promise of a triumphant entrance into heaven beyond. To seize the liberty to break God's laws, to sin against his wisdom and his love, means to change the garden of life into a prison-house. Are any of you who are listening to me turning away from the demand of Christ for your obedience and your open confession and service because you want more liberty, more freedom for yourself? If so, I can assure

you that there is no liberty which you secure by refusing the claims of Christ which will not be the liberty of the sword, and the pestilence, and the famine. It is impossible that Christ could ask anything of you that does not mean your best and truest good, and for you to take the liberty of disobeying him is to take a liberty that will mean bondage in the end.

BOUND IN SIN.

286

A ministerial acquaintance of mine tells of a friend who was very dear to him, and with all the powers of love and persuasion he possessed he sought to win him away from the beginning of certain evil habits and to lead him to become openly a Christian. But he failed, and the man went on, on what he called "the path of liberty." The result was that, a few years later, his old friend, the minister, was summoned to his death-bed. His dissipation had brought him to an untimely end. With great sorrow the minister hastened to obey the call. He entered the room where the man lay on a couch, in full, every-day dress. The minister put out his hand, and the other man grasped it excitedly, and said: "Sit down, sit down right there." He sat down. Then the man lying on the sofa said, "We, I wish you would take these strings off me. There are strings spun all around my body. I wish you would take them off me." The minister saw it was delirium. The wife knelt beside him, and assured him he was not bound, and the minister knelt beside him and prayed, but he died in that terrible delirium, begging them to take off the bands that bound him. O my friends, are any of you weaving cords of evil habit that after a while are to wrap you round and round until you are so completely held by them that you are a helpless prisoner to your sin? Remember that every day of liberty to do wrong assumed by you hastens that terrible consummation. The time to settle with an evil habit is when you are tempted to form it. Deny it, refuse it then, ere it has been pampered and has grown strong by years of self-indulgence. Some poet, with clear insight into the tragedies of the human heart, represents one who has long yielded to sin as crying out in his despair:

FORKS OF THE ROAD.

287

Oh, could I go back to the forks of the road—
Back over the long miles I have carried the load;

Back to the place where I had to decide,
By this sign or that sign my footsteps to guide;

Back to the sorrow, back to the care,
Back to the place where the future was fair;
Oh, were I there now, decision to make,
My Father in heaven, which road would I take?

Oh, could I go back to the forks of the road
With the wisdom I've gathered in bearing this load,
A different decision, dear God, would I make,
And the path of the righteous my footsteps should take.

The broad road of pleasure no glory hath won,
It hath brought me to anguish—my whole life undone;
And now, at the end, ah, 'tis wretched and drear!
My heart is nigh breaking, I tremble with fear.

The road is so tangled with brier and thorn,
To find the way back I'm ever o'erworn;
Deep sunk in despair, I'm wilder and lost;
Of choosing the wrong road how bitter the cost!

If God in His mercy would show me the way
To return, to return to the light of youth's day,
My road I would choose by the sign of the Word—
With Jesus my Leader, my Way, and my Lord.

You cannot go back to the cross-roads again, but you can make today the day of your salvation by here and now repenting of your sins and throwing yourself on the pure mercy of God in Jesus Christ.

A NEW NAME.

289

A man in one of the Western States has applied to the legislature to change his name, for a singular reason. He had been for years a notorious liar, and last New Year's Day he determined to reform, and resolved never to utter a falsehood again. So thoroughly was he changed that he does not wish to be known by his old name, and has applied to the legislature for a new one. That incident is suggestive of the promise which Christ makes to us in the Book of Revelation, when he says: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go no more out: and I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, and I will write upon him my new name." Make that promise your own this very hour!

▼ The Uncut Leaves of the Book of Life.

"And I will bring the blind by way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them."—Isaiah 42: 16. ✓

The marvel and mystery of human life add much to its interest. Although men have been living for thousands of years in the world, and the paths of love and hope and fear

and hate and ambition are trodden knee deep in ruts from the hurrying feet of many generations, yet every new life is a separate study of Almighty God, and every new human heart looks into a future full of mystery and wonder and marvellous possibilities. None of us who have grown to maturity can fail to look back over the path and see here and there along the way how near we came to being something very different from what we are. If we had taken that road to the right, or the other that allured us from the left, how far away from where we now stand would we be? And sometimes we marvel to know what there was behind the gate, the latch of which we held in our hands and almost lifted but did not. Or, to change the figure back to our theme, we came to a place in the book of life where the leaves were not yet cut, and we turned from them and did not cut them. What did those pages hold? We stand today before other uncut leaves, and we know not what is printed on them, and we scarcely dare to read further. Will we cut them or will we turn away from them and leave the secret forever unread?

The theme has been suggested to me by Clara Weir's earnest poem:

BOOK OF LIFE.

290

Oh, a wonderful book is the book of life,
Whether the binding be rich and fair
With illuminations, and gildings rife
On the finest vellum, thick and rare,
Or whether the binding be poor and mean,
Faded and cheap, and flimsy withal,
The veriest prose that was ever seen,
To be found for a trifle in any stall—
And still the discerning spirit grieves
To know that each volume has uncut leaves,

'Tis a wonderful work from a Master's
hand,
Where comedy, tragedy, smiles and tears
Swiftly tread on the shining sand,
As the scenes are shifted by passing
years;
And there from the light of day are hid
All things beautiful, good and fair,
In the brief enclosure, from lid to lid,
Whatever the heart desires is there—
But oh, how the spirit grieves and grieves
O'er the pitiful pathos of uncut leaves.

There is fair Success with her beckoning
hand,
And Health, with her rosy and laughing
face,
There is home, and peace, and a smiling
land,
Where heart-ache never can find a place.

There are beautiful children between the
leaves—

The crowning glory of motherhood,
And a wreath of love for each heart that
grieves,
A love that is never understood—
Yet forever the watchful spirit grieves
O'er the mystery here of our uncut leaves.

For every volume, whate'er it be,
Has leaves which never shall see the light,
Their gracious beauty and symmetry
Are never disclosed to the longing sight;
And lives are clouded, and eyes are dim,
For lack of that which is near to all;
With those uncut leaves they are folded in,
And they cannot respond to prayer or
call—

And throughout life the spirit grieves
For only one glimpse of those uncut leaves.

When shall we see that the Author's hand
Which fashioned the volume we hold in
fee—

With a wisdom we cannot understand,
Above and beyond our mastery—
Cuts with a loving care each leaf,
Never forgetting the end in view,
Fills out each story, however brief,
With a kind intent and a purpose true—
And who can doubt that the Author grieves
When we question His love by our uncut
leaves?

Let us study some of the places in the book of life where we are likely to leave uncut leaves to our great disadvantage. One of these is in our Bible reading. To a great many people who count themselves Christians, and are trying to be such, their Bible is a book of uncut leaves. Suppose your Bible had come to you with all the leaves uncut five years ago, and there had been none cut since except those you have read and pondered for scriptural help and blessing. How much of your Bible would be today a book of uncut leaves? It has been practically a closed book to you. We talk about the great blessing of Protestantism in securing for us an open Bible. But what good is an open Bible with the leaves uncut and unread? No Christian man can afford to thrust himself into the business life of the day without a spiritual, health-giving breath from off the ocean of God's word. Dr. Wayland Hoyt beautifully says that the reading of the Bible every day brings into life a breeze and a touch of God, of recognition of him, of motto for him. We often hear a man say, "My wife reads her Bible every day." The inference is that he does not find time to do it. But the man who goes to the foundry, or the shop, or the store, and is thrust into association with worldly and wicked men needs the reading of the Bible to get God, and the thought of him as a source of strength in his heart, as surely as his wife does to sustain her in her round of household duties. It is always a bad sign, and one that is full of threatening of danger, when a Christian business man has made up his mind that he has not time to read his Bible every day before going to work, and in the evening before giving himself up to slumber. A man's religion will smother in that kind of an atmosphere! O brothers, sisters, cut a new leaf in your Bible every day, and refresh yourself with the stored up spiritual oxygen which you will find there. There is life in it that will sustain you amid all the temptations and trials of your daily experience.

When we leave the Bible uncut, we are almost sure to make the next great blunder of failing to cut the leaves that open to us the realm of simple and familiar communion with God and prayer to him. Many people say prayers every day, but they are formal and ceremonial, with a certain awe and sublimity and reverence about them that is uplifting, but lacking the sweet familiarity of a child's communication with a father, a certain atmosphere of loving confidence.

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

291

Professor Henry Drummond tells the story of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. But I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in Heaven; but you have a big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." And Drummond says that the wise father took his little girl in his arms and told her that even though God were at that moment surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps, and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise that ever was heard in Heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush! stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl away down on the earth who wants to whisper something in my ear." Cut the leaves that open into that realm of sweet and loving communion with your Heavenly Father. It is awful for us to live with prayer practically a sealed book, with the dust gathering on the edges of its uncut leaves.

UNCUT LEAVES OF DUTY.

292

There is another book where we are always tempted to fail to cut the leaves, and that is where we face a duty that seems hard for us. But if we do turn away and fail to find what is behind those uncut leaves we are certain to lose largely. Who can tell how much Moses lost when God ordered him down into Egypt to speak to Pharaoh his will, and lead the children of Israel out of bondage? There was no thought of Aaron at first. God called on Moses to go alone in his strength. But Moses was afraid; he said to God, "I stutter and stammer; I never could make a public speech before a king." And so he refused to go, and he remained a stutterer and a stammerer until he died. What eloquence of speech, such as the world had never heard, was shut up in those uncut leaves of possibility Moses never found out. Suppose John Howard had started back in a fright when there was borne in upon his conscience the great privilege and duty of helping to modify the horrors and cruelties of European prisons. He never would have known the compensations and glories which God had written down for him. Suppose Florence Nightingale had shut her eyes to the vision of Mercy brooding above the soldier's cot on the bloody battlefields of the Crimea, and had remained luxuriously at home in England. The world never would have heard of her, and all that beautiful record of heroic and Christlike service would have been a closed book until now. Let God's message come home to each one of our hearts today. It may be that before you there lies a duty undone. God has been rolling it on your conscience. He has been stirring your heart about some unrighted wrong. Your soul is moved to the depths and yet it seems so hard and the path so blind and so uncertain that you dare not cut the closed leaf of tomorrow and go blindly to do the duty to which God calls you. But you can not refuse to do your duty without loss, and loss infinitely greater than you are now able to estimate.

LOST OPPORTUNITY.

293

Mrs. J. K. Barney, the world-famous prison worker, tells a story which illustrates this great truth. She says that years ago she visited a Western town, and the lady who met her at the station said, "You must excuse the miserable old carriage I am going to take you in, for I do not like to employ any other driver." On seeing the uncared-for look of both carriage and horse, with tied-up harness, she did wonder, and still more at the slovenly, red-faced driver. However, he drove the ladies up to the home of the hostess safely, and as they passed up the walk she stopped to speak to him. Overtaking Mrs. Barney they entered the house together, and as the door closed she lifted a tearful face to her guest, with the plea, "Will you stop right here and pray for that man?" "What is it?" she asked, for she knew there must be something back of that. As they dropped upon their knees she sobbed out, "Oh, he used to be in my Sunday school class." The substance of the story was this: Years before, five boys were gathered into a Sunday school from the street. They were given into this lady's care and she felt a pride in showing what she could do. She taught the lesson after a fashion, but with no real conception of personal responsibility, and when sometimes it was urged home upon her that she ought to use her personal friendship and influence with these boys to seriously lead them individually to give their hearts to God and begin the Christian life, she put it from her as too hard a task and refused to even earnestly consider it. Finally she left home and was away for five years. During her absence she waked up to the possibilities of Christian service and often thought of her boys. On her return she began a search and finally came upon this one, the cab driver, who was noticeably under the influence of liquor. He seemed glad to see her, but shook his head to her proposition to sign a temperance pledge. "It's no use now, you missed your chance to save me. You could have got me to do that once, but it's too late now." To her inquiries about the other boys, he replied, "Two of us is

dead, two of us is in prison, and I ain't worth saving. I tell you, lady, you missed your chance with us." Years had passed away, and try as she would, she had not been able to save the man who once would have been like clay in her hands as a boy. My friend, if there is before you the opportunity to do good to some soul, though it be at the cost of personal comfort and self-sacrifice, in God's name I pray you do not fail to cut the leaves of that book of service; the blessings therein are greater than you can dream.

Perhaps some one is here this morning who is standing before the closed leaves of the Book of Personal Salvation. As I speak you are conscious that personally you are a sinner against God, and that you know nothing by experience of the power of Jesus Christ to forgive sin and to bring the breath of a new life of righteousness to the heart. Cut the leaves of that book this very hour!

AUCTION FOR A SOUL.

294

Lady Ann Erskine was once passing through a London crowd in her carriage. Borne on the breeze there came to her the voice of a preacher and she asked her coachman to drive near so that she might hear what he was saying. Rowland Hill it was, and his eye grasped the situation as she drew near. Suddenly he stopped his discourse, and, after a noticeable pause, said: "Listen! Here is a titled lady. The auction of eternity has begun, and there are offers being made for her of high birth tonight. The devil says, 'I will give pleasure, I will give a presentation to the court, I will give luxury, I will give all the attractions of the world for her!' Will the hammer fall? Hark, there is another voice that bids. It is the voice of Jesus, that says, 'I will give my life for her, I will give my precious blood for her. I that was born the Son of God, that came from glory, will give myself for her sinful and never-dying soul.' What is to be the decision? Who is to get her? Now or never!"

"Drive on," said Lady Erskine to her coachman. But in her room that night, after a great struggle, she put aside high birth, and society life, and her pride of blood, and accepted Jesus Christ. If she had not done that, that beautiful Christian life which was such a blessing and benediction to her own time would have been forever a sealed book. How shall it be with you? Your Book of Life is within your reach; will you give your heart to Christ and let him open its leaves for you now?

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